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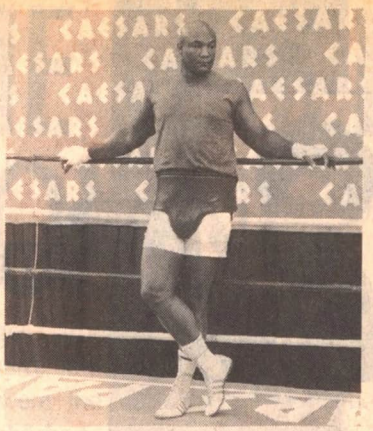

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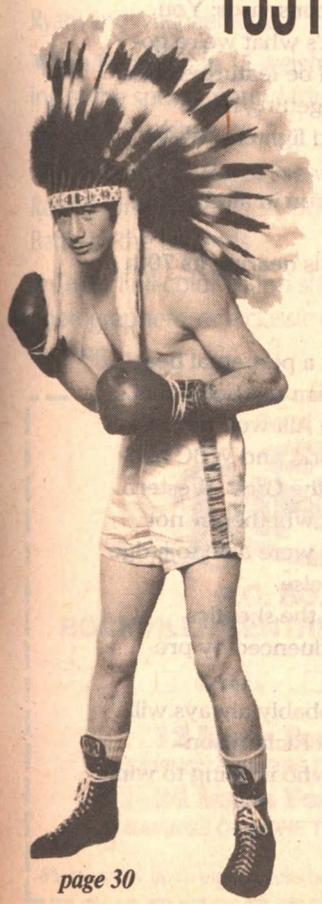

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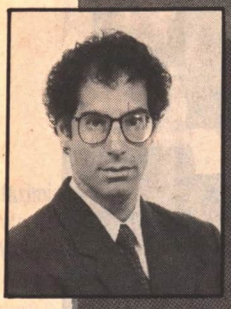

Ringside

Beginning with this issue, even the most casual of readers will notice major changes in the look and content of *The Ring*. We hope you'll agree the changes are for the better.

Among the most difficult decisions we have had to make since acquiring *The Ring* 21 issues ago was to discontinue "The Ring Around The World." Our network of correspondents, some of whom have been contributors for more than 40 years, are found from the Atlantic City Boardwalk to the townships of South Africa, and at every clubshow in between. Because of editing and printing schedules, their fight reports have often been dated. Nevertheless, we've always considered their work invaluable; they have enabled us to keep an eye on boxing at every level.

These same correspondents will continue to provide *The Ring* with reports on world title fights from around the globe.

In our January 1991 issue, we ran a reader survey in which you were asked to list your favorite and least favorite features. The consensus: You wanted more stories and fewer results. From now on, that's what we're going to give you. In place of the agate-type fight reports will be feature stories. And lots of them. Almost twice as many, in fact. You'll be getting more photos. More nostalgia. More features on today's fights and fighters. We're giving you a bigger and better magazine.

One other note: "Ryan Out Loud" and "Katz Scan" will run in alternating issues.

Let us know what you think of our new look. *The Ring* is nearing its 70th birthday. We think it's getting better, not older.

***

The integrity of boxing, if that isn't an oxymoron, takes a perpetual beating. But once in a while, something will happen to reconfirm my belief that there is good in them thar hills. In recent weeks, Terrence Alli won a decision in Charles Murray's hometown of Rochester, New York, and WBC bantamweight champion Greg Richardson won a decision at the Great Western Forum against a Mexican, Victor Rabanales. It's irrelevant whether or not these decisions were deserved. My point is that the judges were able to judge for themselves, without the help of the crowd, or anyone else.

After fan favorites Murray and Rabanales were beaten, the skeptics couldn't mumble about hometown decisions, or judges influenced by promoters, or, worse yet, fixed fights.

Outside the ring, boxing stinks. It always has, and it probably always will. But I love it anyway because of the fights. Alli-Murray and Richardson-Rabanales served to remind me that I can never be sure who is going to win.

If I ever lose that doubt, there won't be anything left.

Steve Farhood
Editor-In-Chief

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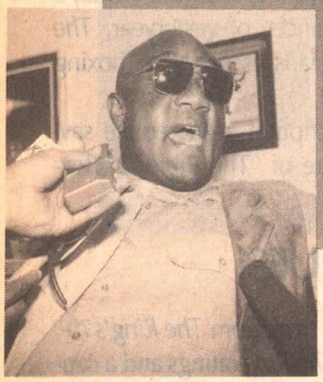


Foreman: Questions answered?

GORGEOUS GEORGE

I hope the Holyfield-Foreman fight ends all the criticism of Big George. Consider my arguments that Foreman is among the six or seven greatest heavyweights of all time:

1) He is the hardest hitter of all time.

2) He has the second-best heavyweight record of all time. (Marciano has the best.)

3) At age 42, he remains one of today's best heavyweights.

4) He still carries a great punch.

5) He can still take a punch.

6) That he almost did to Holyfield what he had done to Frazier, Norton, Lyle, Chuvalo, and Cooney proved his greatness.

7) His losses to Ali (heat, exhaustion, outpsyched) and Young (heat) can be explained.

8) Had he never retired, Larry Holmes and Michael Spinks would likely not have been heavyweight champions.

Foreman ranks right after Louis, Johnson, Ali, Marciano, and Dempsey. Not bad for a fat old man, huh?

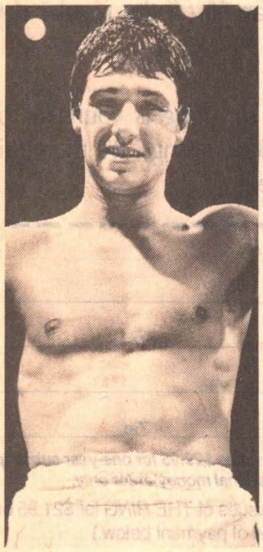
TIMOTHY M. KUCIJ
Covina, CA

On a sunny morning two days before the Foreman-Holyfield fight, I spotted Big George relaxing on a bench on the Atlantic City Boardwalk. I approached him and said, "Just like Thomas, some people need to see first before they believe." Unfortunately, Foreman going toe to toe with the reigning heavyweight champion was not enough to make believers out of everyone.

Regardless of what the hardened Foreman critics might say, the 42-year-old reverend can now be regarded as one of the top four fighters in the world. If Rev. George decides to fight again, he'll need to make only two adjustments to regain the title. First, he would have to control the prefight adrenaline surge that I believe drained his early-rounds punching power. Second, he would have to curb his intake of fats so he can shed dead weight without sacrificing strength or stamina.

Even if the former champion chooses to fight no more, he can always think back to that epic battle on the Jersey Shore, when the crowd was chanting, "George! George! George!"

RICHARD G. FERNICOLA
Allenhurst, NJ



Sacco: An Argentine champ

OUR ERRORS

In your April '91 issue, a story about Pedro Decima listed the Argentines who have won world titles. Omitted was former WBA junior welterweight champion Ubaldo Sacco, who won the title from Gene Hatcher in July 1985.

Sports Department
Butanito Magazine
Baltimore, MD

In your June '91 issue, among the entrants in the lightweight computer tournament is Joe Gans. But the photo is not of Gans. Gans was very light-skinned, and his facial features are completely different from the fighter in the photo.

ARNE STEINBERG
Silver Spring, MD

Editor's Note: We regret the error. The photo that we used was of "Panama" Joe Gans, and not the lightweight legend who hailed from Baltimore.

MUCH THANKS

My father, Carl Casey, a light heavyweight from the '40s and '50s, died in February at age 65. He was a great fan of *The Ring*, and had not missed a single issue since January 1938. I just want to thank you for the many happy hours *The Ring* gave to him.

JEANNETTE CASEY
Exeter, NH

September 1991 Volume 70, No. 9

The RING

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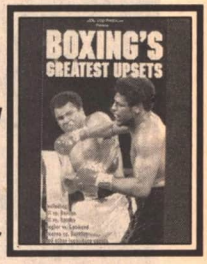

Among the fights featured in this action packed video are: Ken Norton's 1973 upset of Muhammad Ali, the first in a three fight grudge match ; Hearns vs. Iran Barkley, June 6, 1988; Ali vs. Spinks, February 15, 1978. A virtual unknown in the boxing world, Spinks stunned Ali, which turned out to be the beginning of the end for the great champion. Livingstone Bramble's upset of Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini, in a WBA Lightweight championship bout, June 1, 1984. Donald "Lone Star Cobra" Curry, considered at the time to be the best fighter pound for pound in the world, loses to Lloyd Honeyghan in a shocking Welterweight bout; Barry McGuigan vs. Steve Cruz, June 23, 1986 and more astonishing upsets!

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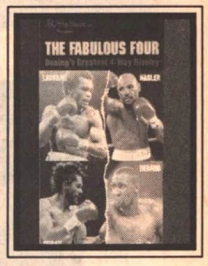

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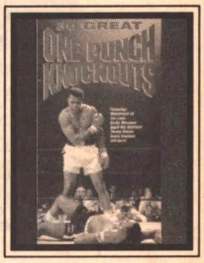

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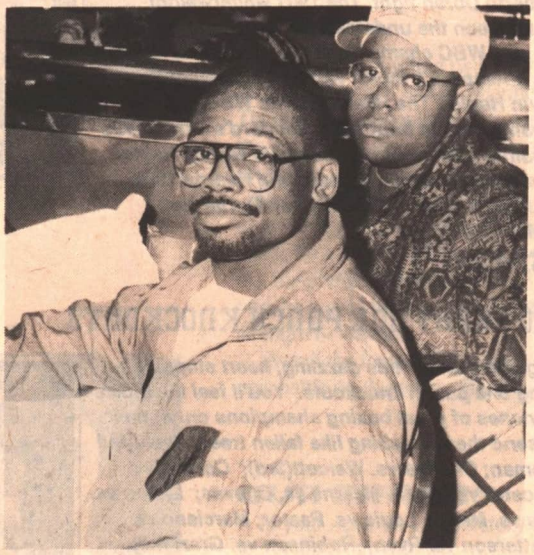
Round One

COMEBACKS, YES AND NO

Comebacks were among the subplots during the Holyfield-Foreman weekend in Atlantic City. A fighter we thought would stay retired, Don Lalonde, is planning to return, and a fighter we thought would return, Marlon Starling, says he'll stay retired.



Marlon Starling and son Marlon Jr.

Lalonde, 31, hasn't fought since being stopped by Sugar Ray Leonard in November 1988. He says he's received medical clearance to return to the ring. A previous comeback had been shelved in March 1990, when the former champion underwent surgery on his thyroid cartilage. At the time, it was reported that had he continued to fight, his injury would be potentially life-threatening.

Lalonde, who has run in marathons, appeared in good shape and will have little trouble reducing to 175. Two weeks after Holyfield-Foreman, he was married in Tennessee.

It had been rumored that Starling, 32, who lost the WBC welterweight title to Maurice Blocker last August, would come back as a junior middleweight.

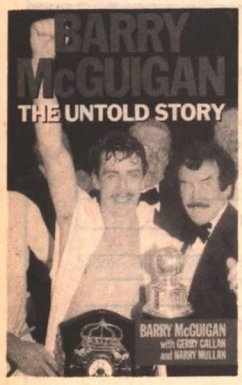
"After seven months of doing nothing, I went down to Texas and hit the bag," he said. "I said to myself, 'Who the hell am I kidding.' I've been doing this 23 years. I don't want nothing to do with boxing."

Starling, who is financially secure, said he wasn't sure what he was going to do.

"But if I could fight for a whole lotta money . . . "

—Steve Farhood

BOOK REVIEWS



If you live in Dublin or Belfast, *Barry McGuigan: The Untold Story,* is to be absorbed cover to cover in one sitting. If you live in London, the biography remains a must read. But if you live on this side of the pond, the former featherweight champion's contribution to boxing's bookshelf loses its sense of urgency. Nevertheless, it is recommended.

Penned by McGuigan, with Gerry Callan and Harry Mullan, and published by London's Robson Books Ltd., McGuigan's story is told, alternately, in first and third person. Unencumbered by the macho stance that makes so many American fighters boring, McGuigan is open and honest throughout, and, as a result, comes off as a vulnerable and sympathetic figure. Callan and Mullan chip in by meticulously chronicling the decaying relationship between McGuigan and his manager, Barney Eastwood. In the later chapters, the legal muddle threatens to suffocate a compelling human interest story, but for the most part, the pages flow at a comfortable pace.

If you only followed Barry McGuigan, you'll enjoy the book. But if you were among his avid fans, you'll enjoy it that much more.

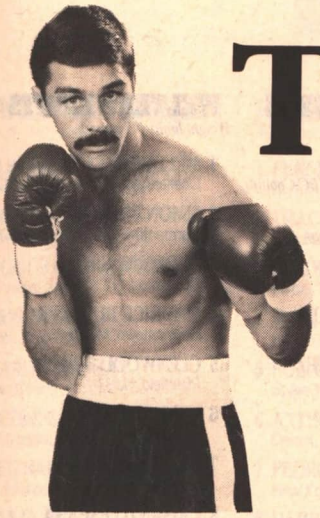
—Steve Farhood

Archie Moore endured many heartbreaks and bad breaks en route to his first world title fight at age 36. The legendary light heavyweight champion's life story is one that has long been needed to be told. *Archie Moore: The Ole Mongoose* is an authorized biography written by Dr. Marilyn Douroux and published by Branden Publishing Co. ($19.95).

Unlike many sports biographies, which are told in the first person, with the help of an author, this book is a narrative. Growing up in an apartheid America, Moore was subjected to all the indignities that Americans of African descent had to endure over the first seven decades of this century. Dr. Douroux also describes African-American society during that time. The reader gets an appreciation of what a special individual Moore is.

During his extraordinary career, Moore had to endure racial bigotry, mismanagement, marital breakups, and champions who refused to fight him because he was too good. Moore may have retired from the ring at age 47, but he didn't give up fighting. He has spent the last 25 years battling crime and drugs for the youth of San Diego. For those interested in reading an inspirational story, Archie Moore's life is it.

—Stanley Weston



Brian Mitchell

TITLES ARE CHEAP

Doesn't anyone want to be a champion anymore? In May, Simon Brown relinquished the IBF welterweight title, citing "the IBF's most recent preposterous decision to sanction bouts in the apartheid Republic of South Africa." Brown also mentioned "the unfair and absurd manner in which the IBF handled the . . . [IBF-WBC] unification bout with Maurice Blocker," which it originally refused to sanction. He remains the WBC champion.

In April, Julio Cesar Chavez, unhappy with negotiations involving a mandatory defense against Rafael Pineda, vacated the IBF junior welterweight title. He remains the WBC champion.

Both Brown and Chavez are promoted by Don King, who is feuding with the IBF.

There's more. Brian Mitchell vacated the WBA junior lightweight title after a 4½-year reign and a division-record 12 successful defenses. In a unification match in March, Mitchell and IBF champion Tony Lopez fought to a draw. Both camps want a rematch, which will likely again land in Sacramento. According to Cedric Kushner, the former champion's promoter, Mitchell gave up the crown because he could not motivate himself to defend against mandatory challenger Anibal Nieves.

Jorge Paez and daughter

STITCHES IN TIME

Nothing Jorge Paez does surprises anyone. But his antics after fighting Lupe Suarez to a fifth-round technical draw on the Holyfield-Foreman undercard were bizarre.

An accidental clash of heads in the third round ultimately brought a premature ending to a near-certain Paez victory. After his postfight press conference, Paez, unshowered and wearing his trunks and boxing shoes, and a red, white, and blue leather jacket, lay across three chairs in the first row of the interview room. He remained there for the rest of the fight card.

At the press conference following Tommy Morrison's kayo of Yuri Vaulin, Paez, who had suffered a nasty gash above his right eye, took his stitches in front of the entire room. Even Morrison, who was fielding questions at the podium, was distracted. Throughout the delicate sewing job, Paez waved to his infant daughter and repeatedly said *"Hola, hola."*

She was too young to answer him, but she was probably thinking, *"Loco, loco."*

—Robert Cassidy

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Former world flyweight champion Hiroyuki Ebihara, 51, died of liver failure in Tokyo . . . Two days before the WBA junior bantamweight title fight between Khaosai Galaxy and Jae Suk Park, the bout's promoter, 57-year-old Cleo Thanukul, was murdered in Thailand. The assailants, riding in a small truck, tossed a hand grenade that killed the promoter and his bodyguard and injured five policemen. Thanukul was the president of the Thai Amateur Boxing Association . . . Veteran referee and judge Arlen "Spider" Bynum was named the boxing commissioner in Texas . . . The Nevada State Athletic Commission fined Murad Muhammad $25,000 and suspended him from promoting in the state for one year due to his role in the brawl that followed the controversial stoppage of the Tyson-Ruddock fight in March . . . Former NBA featherweight champion Tommy Paul, 82, died in Buffalo after a long illness. Paul won the title by outpointing Johnny Pena in 1932. He had lost the crown to Freddie Miller eight months later. His pro record: 80-29-8 (25).

The Ring Ratings

For Period Ended May 20, 1991

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Records Compiled By Eric Armit

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1 **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
Atlanta, GA *25-0 (World Champ)*

2 **MIKE TYSON**
Catskill, NY *40-1*

3 **RAZOR RUDDOCK**
Canada *25-2-1*

4 **RIDDICK BOWE**
Brooklyn, NY *22-0*

5 **TIM WITHERSPOON**
Philadelphia, PA *34-3*

6 **RAY MERCER**
Union, NJ *17-0*

7 **GEORGE FOREMAN**
Marshall, TX *69-3*

8 **CARL WILLIAMS**
White Plains, NY *23-4*

9 **LENNOX LEWIS**
England *15-0*

10 **PIERRE COETZER**
South Africa *36-2*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 160 pounds

1 **MIKE McCALLUM**
Brooklyn, NY *40-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 **JAMES TONEY**
Ann Arbor, MI *26-0-1 (IBF Champ)*

3 **JULIAN JACKSON**
Virgin Islands *41-1 (WBC Champ)*

4 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Davenport, IA *36-1*

5 **SUMBU KALAMBAY**
Italy *51-5-1*

6 **STEVE COLLINS**
Brockton, MA *19-1*

7 **CHRIS EUBANK**
England *27-0*

8 **MICHAEL WATSON**
England *25-2-1*

9 **NIGEL BENN**
England *28-2*

10 **REGGIE JOHNSON**
Houston, TX *29-1-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 154 pounds

1 **TERRY NORRIS**
Mission Valley, CA *27-3 (WBC Champ)*

2 **GILBERT DELE**
France *28-0-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 **GIANFRANCO ROSI**
Italy *51-3 (IBF Champ)*

4 **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
Tucson, AZ *23-0*

5 **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
Argentina *29-0*

6 **JORGE CASTRO**
Argentina *56-2-2*

7 **TYRONE TRICE**
Milwaukee, WI *38-3*

8 **AARON DAVIS**
Bronx, NY *32-1*

9 **GLENN WOLFE**
Miami, FL *27-1-1*

10 **MARK BRELAND**
New York, NY *28-2-1*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 147 pounds

1 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Cheltenham, PA *26-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 **SIMON BROWN**
Germantown, MD *34-1 (WBC Champ)*

3 **BUDDY McGIRT**
Brentwood, NY *52-2-1*

4 **MAURICE BLOCKER**
Germantown, MD *32-2*

5 **GLENWOOD BROWN**
Plainfield, NJ *33-1*

6 **LONNIE SMITH**
Denver, CO *29-2-1*

7 **GENARO LEON**
Mexico *37-2-2*

8 **CRISANTO ESPANA**
N. Ireland *22-0*

9 **HIROYUKI YOSHINO**
Japan *18-3-1*

10 **SANTOS CARDONA**
Puerto Rico *21-3*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 122 pounds

1 **JESSE BENAVIDES**
Corpus Christi, TX *33-1*

2 **WELCOME NCITA**
South Africa *28-0 (IBF Champ)*

3 **KIYOSHI HATANAKA**
Japan *22-1-1 (WBC Champ)*

4 **PEDRO DECIMA**
Argentina *26-3*

5 **LUIS MENDOZA**
Colombia *31-2-2 (WBA Champ)*

6 **PAUL BANKE**
Quail Valley, CA *19-5*

7 **JESUS SALUD**
San Diego, CA *36-4*

8 **TRACY PATTERSON**
New Paltz, NY *40-2*

9 **BABY SUGAR ROJAS**
Colombia *34-4-1*

10 **JEMAL HINTON**
District Heights, MD *17-0*

Luisito Espinosa

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 118 pounds

1 **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
Laredo, TX *28-1-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 **GREG RICHARDSON**
Youngstown, OH *28-3 (WBC Champ)*

3 **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
Philippines *25-5 (WBA Champ)*

4 **RAUL PEREZ**
Mexico *48-2-2*

5 **PEPILLO VALDEZ**
Mexico *38-3-1*

6 **YONG HOON LEE**
South Korea *18-0*

7 **ISRAEL CONTRERAS**
Venezuela *33-2-1*

8 **GABY CANIZALES**
Laredo, TX *49-7-1*

9 **THIERRY JACOB**
France *30-3*

10 **ELIECER JULIO**
Colombia *16-0*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 195 pounds

1 JEFF LAMPKIN
Youngstown, OH *35-13-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 BOBBY CZYZ
Montgomery, NJ *38-5 (WBA Champ)*

3 TAOUFIK BELBOULI
France *29-1-1*

4 ROBERT DANIELS
Miami, FL *17-2-1*

5 ALFRED COLE
Newark, NJ *17-1*

6 MASSIMILIANO DURAN
Italy *18-0 (WBC Champ)*

7 ANACLET WAMBA
France *29-2*

8 JOHNNY NELSON
England *21-5-1*

9 JAMES WARRING
Miami, FL *11-1*

10 NATE MILLER
Philadelphia, PA *18-3*

Frank Tate

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1 VIRGIL HILL
Las Vegas, NV *30-0 (WBA Champ)*

2 PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS
Mansfield, OH *30-4-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 THOMAS HEARNS
Las Vegas, NV *49-3-1*

4 DENNIS ANDRIES
Detroit, MI *39-8-2 (WBC Champ)*

5 JEFF HARDING
Australia *19-1*

6 GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI
Germany *31-0*

7 FRANK TATE
Houston, TX *28-2*

8 ED MACK
Philadelphia, PA *13-1-1*

9 ANTHONY HEMBRICK
Beckley, WV *19-1-1*

10 ANDREW MAYNARD
Laurel, MD *16-1*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1 VICTOR CORDOVA
Panama *15-2 (WBA Champ)*

2 DARRIN VAN HORN
Lexington, KY *46-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 CHRISTOPHE TIOZZO
France *28-1*

4 LINDELL HOLMES
Detroit, MI *44-6-1*

5 TONY BYRD
Los Angeles, CA *18-2-1*

6 MAURO GALVANO
Italy *16-1-2 (WBC Champ)*

7 TONY THORNTON
Glassboro, NJ *28-4-1*

8 MERQUI SOSA
New York, NY *19-2*

9 JOHN JARVIS
Richmond, VA *22-2*

10 JUAN CARLOS GIMENEZ
Paraguay *34-4-3*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 140 pounds

1 JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ
Mexico *75-0 (WBC Champ)*

2 LORETO GARZA
Sacramento, CA *28-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 ROGER MAYWEATHER
Las Vegas, NV *40-6*

4 TERRENCE ALLI
Linden, NJ *47-7-2*

5 CHARLES MURRAY
Essex County, NJ *21-1*

6 HECTOR CAMACHO
Big Cypress, FL *39-1*

7 GREG HAUGEN
Henderson, NV *28-4-1*

8 JUAN COGGI
Argentina *49-2-2*

9 PAT BARRETT
England *30-1-1*

10 ANGEL HERNANDEZ
Puerto Rico *36-0-2*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 135 pounds

1 PERNELL WHITAKER
Norfolk, VA *25-1 (World Champ)*

2 TRACY SPANN
Plainfield, NJ *26-0*

3 FREDDIE PENDLETON
Miami, FL *29-17-3*

4 JUAN NAZARIO
Puerto Rico *22-3*

5 POLI DIAZ
Spain *30-0*

6 ANTHONY JONES
Detroit, MI *29-3-1*

7 PEDRO SANCHEZ
New York, NY *20-0-1*

8 DARRYL TYSON
Washington, D.C. *34-4*

9 SHARMBA MITCHELL
Takoma Park, MD *23-0*

10 CHIL SUNG CHUN
South Korea *17-1*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 130 pounds

1 AZUMAH NELSON
Ghana *33-2 (WBC Champ)*

2 TONY LOPEZ
Sacramento, CA *36-2-1 (IBF Champ)*

3 BRIAN MITCHELL
South Africa *42-1-3*

4 JEFF FENECH
Australia *25-0*

5 JOHN-JOHN MOLINA
Puerto Rico *22-3*

6 GENARO HERNANDEZ
Los Angeles, CA *23-0*

7 JOEY GAMACHE
Lewiston, ME *24-0*

8 JERRY NGOBENI
South Africa *18-1*

9 FRANKIE MITCHELL
Philadelphia, PA *25-1*

10 BERNARD TAYLOR
Knoxville, TN *42-2-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 126 pounds

1 MARCOS VILLASANA
Mexico *52-7-2 (WBC Champ)*

2 YUNG KYUN PARK
South Korea *18-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 LOUIE ESPINOZA
Phoenix, AZ *40-4-2*

4 ANTONIO ESPARRAGOZA
Venezuela *30-2-4*

5 TROY DORSEY
Dallas, TX *12-3-4*

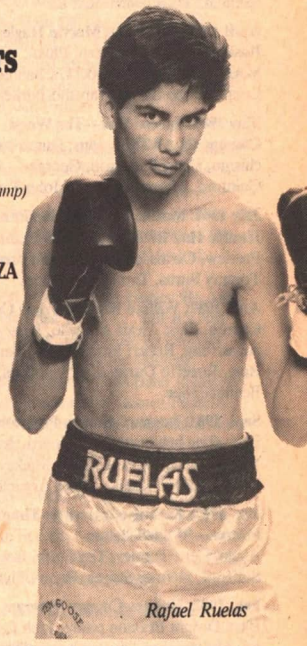
6 MAURIZIO STECCA
Italy *42-1*

7 RICARDO CEPEDA
Bronx, NY *22-0-1*

8 RAFAEL RUELAS
Arleta, CA *26-0*

9 ELOY ROJAS
Venezuela *21-0*

10 TOM JOHNSON
Detroit, MI *23-1-1*



Rafael Ruelas

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 115 pounds

1 KHAOSAI GALAXY
Thailand *47-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 SUNG KIL MOON
South Korea *14-1 (WBC Champ)*

3 ROBERT QUIROGA
San Antonio, TX *17-0 (IBF Champ)*

4 KID AKEEM
Las Vegas, NV *23-0*

5 JOSE RUIZ
Puerto Rico *19-2*

6 JOHNNY TAPIA
Albuquerque, NM *21-0-1*

7 NANA KONADU
Ghana *19-2-1*

8 THALERNSAK SITHBAOBEY
Thailand *33-2*

9 DAVID GRIMAN
Venezuela *11-0*

10 REY PACIONES
Philippines *30-2-3*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 112 pounds

1 MUANGCHAI KITTIKASEM
Thailand *13-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 DAVE McAULEY
Ireland *17-2-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 ELVIS ALVAREZ
Colombia *21-2-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 SOT CHITALADA
Thailand *23-3-1*

5 JUNG KOO CHANG
South Korea *38-3*

6 YUL WOO LEE
South Korea *19-3*

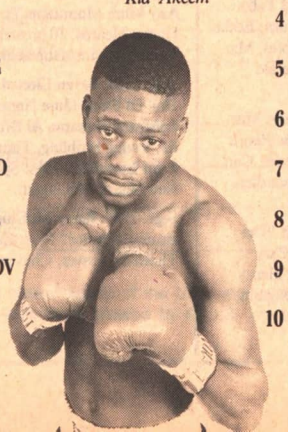
7 RODOLFO BLANCO
Colombia *25-6-1*

8 RICHARD CLARKE
Jamaica *23-3*

9 YURI ARBACHAKOV
Soviet Union *7-0*

10 YSAIAS ZAMUDIO
Blythe, CA *23-3*

Kid Akeem



JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 108 pounds

1 MYUNG WOO YUH
South Korea *36-0 (WBA Champ)*

2 MICHAEL CARBAJAL
Phoenix AZ *20-0 (IBF Champ)*

3 HUMBERTO GONZALEZ
Mexico *30-1*

4 MELCHOR COB CASTRO
Mexico *29-2-3 (WBC Champ)*

5 ROLANDO PASCUA
Philippines *25-6*

6 HIROKI IOKA
Japan *17-2-1*

7 DOMINGO SOSA
Dominican Republic *16-0*

8 LEON SALAZAR
Panama *15-3-1*

9 JERRY PENALOSA
Philippines *12-0-1*

10 ROBINSON CUESTA
Panama *6-0*

POUND FOR POUND
Boxing's 10 Best Fighters, Pound For Pound

1 JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ
Junior Welterweight

2 PERNELL WHITAKER
Lightweight

3 MELDRICK TAYLOR
Welterweight

4 EVANDER HOLYFIELD
Heavyweight

5 MIKE TYSON
Heavyweight

6 YUH MYUNG WOO
Light Flyweight

7 ORLANDO CANIZALES
Bantamweight

8 KHAOSAI GALAXY
Junior Bantamweight

9 SIMON BROWN
Welterweight

10 VIRGIL HILL
Light Heavyweight

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Sept. 1981: Leonard-Hearns Program. Plus: *Ring* belt poster of Leonard-Hearns, Yaqui Lopez, Pipino Cuevas, Mickey Duff, Leonard-Kalule, Alexis Arguello.

Jan. 1982: Exclusive Interview: Thomas Hearns—"I Shall Return." Plus: Tony Ayala, Gene Tunney, Tex Cobb, Roger Stafford, Holmes-Snipes, Pryor-Johnson.

Feb. 1982: Holmes-Cooney Program. Plus: Dwight Braxton pinup, Irish fighters, Muhammad Ali, Pedroza-Ballas.

June 1982: Aaron Pryor: How Good Is He? Plus: Jack Dempsey, Braxton-Saad, Sylvester Stallone, Hall of Fame (Jeffra, Blackburn, Arcel, Jabobs), Moore-Weir, Jiro Watanabe.

July 1982: Leonard: Is It All Over For Sugar Ray? Plus: Ray Mancini, Greg Page, first-round kayos, Jack Johnson, Ray Robinson, Mancini-Frias.

Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Sept. 1982: Leon Spinks: Boxing's Prodigal Son Returns To The Cruiserweights. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Sanchez-Nelson, Max Baer, Milton McCrory.

Nov. 1982: Special Pryor-Arguello Program. Plus: Earnie Shavers, Robeto Duran, Henry Armstrong, Gerry Cooney, LaPorte-Miranda.

Jan. 1983: Dwight Braxton: "How I Will Beat Spinks." Plus: Pryor-Arguello—Fight of the Year, Frank Fletcher, Rocky Marciano, Curry-Starling I, Hagler-Obel II.

Feb. 1983: Michael Dokes: Tainted Champion? Plus: Howard Cosell, Chacon-Limon, Mickey Walker, Ray Mancini.

March 1983: (104-Page Year-End Special)—Larry Holmes: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Donald Curry, Milton McCrory, history of featherweights.

April 1983: Randall "Tex" Cobb: Not Just Another Pretty Face. Plus: Hector Camacho, Hall of Fame (Monzon, Foster, Burley), Stanley Ketchel, Duran-Cuevas, Wilford Scypion.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

June 1983: What Now For Ray Mancini? Plus: Lupe Pintor, Tony Ayala, Mancini-Arguello color, Holmes-Teofilo Stevenson?, Jersey Joe Walcott, Jung-Koo Chang, Frazier-Broad.

July 1983: Jeff Chandler: The Best Fighter Nobody Knows. Plus: Sugar Ray Seales, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Chacon, Dokes-Weaver II, Holmes-Witherspoon, Paul Berlenbach.

Aug. 1983: Roberto Duran: One 'Mas' Time! Plus: After Holmes?, Colin Jones, Jimmy Montoya, Alexis Arguello, Billy Petrolle.

Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, & Future. Plus: Hagler & Duran: 'How I'll Win The Fight,' Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Mustafa-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Jack Johnson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler.

Oct. 1983: (104-Page Special)—Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Who's who?, Jose Sulaiman, Billy McNeece, Marty Servo, Milton McCory, Collin Jones.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Dec. 1983: Greg Page: 'Holmes Will Never Fight Me—He's A Chicken-Livered Coward!' Plus: Hagler-Duran, Tim Witherspoon, Jake LaMotta, Cedeno-Magri, "Winners" by Leroy Neiman.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

March 1984: Fighter Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Plus: *The Ring's* annual awards, 1983 fight calender, Carl Williams, Jung-Koo Chang, Chandler-Ruiz (color).

April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: *Ring's* ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: *Ring* Olympic Special. Plus: Mark Breland, Sugar Ray Leonard, Frank Bruno, Bramble-Mancini (color), Hatcher-Bumphus (color).

Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror In The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Bill Costello, nine gold medals, Don King, Davey Moore, memorabilia.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Nov. 1986: Mike Tyson: History In The Making. Plus: Tyson-Berbick preview, Spinks, Paul Gonzales, Bobby Czyz, Tyson-Ratliff, McCallum-Jackson.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-La-Porte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

July 1988: Special Tyson-Spinks Preview Issue. Plus: Donald Trump interview, Honeyghan-Vaca II, Foreman-Qawi, Barkley-Olajide.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Dec. 1988: Mike Tyson Special. Plus: Leonard-Lalonde preview, Barry McGuigan, alphabet wars, Jeff Fenech, Mauro Mina, Meldrick Taylor.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

May 1990: Big George Talks Tough! Plus: Archie Moore, Moore-Marciano (color), Grudge Wars, Kid Berg, Ike Williams-Alexis Arguello.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before!" By Evander Holyfield. Plus: Muhammad Ali painting, Ali-Liston II, New York welters, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan.

Aug. 1990: His Greatness Confirmed . . . Is Julio Cesar Chavez The Greatest Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Sullivan & Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler—Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Thanks For The Memories: Rocky Graziano, 1922-1990. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Mike Tyson, Napoles-Leonard, A Gathering Of Champions (color).

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman: Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Marciano-LaStarza, boxing's best chins, Azumah Nelson, Sullivan-Kilrain (color).

Dec. 1990: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Joe Grim, Douglas-Holyfield preview, Marciano-Frazier, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV: Now You'll Pay. Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison, Humberto Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis, heavyweight *Ring* covers (color).

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ. Plus: Charles Murray, Billy Bird, Khaosai Galaxy, Armstrong-Duran, computer flyweight tournament, Sonny Liston (color).

April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Mike Tyson, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, computer bantamweight tournament.

May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Later, Still The Fight Of The Century. Plus: Hometown heroes, George Costner, Galindez-Saad Muhammad, Tony Canzoneri, computer featherweight tournament, Ali-Frazier pinup.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Holyfield-Foreman preview, Norris-Leonard, Freddie Steele, computer lightweight tournament, Tiger-Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be . . . But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

August 1991: Fat, Funny, And Forty-Two, But Certainly No Fraud: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight . . . And The World A Thrill. Plus: Harry Greb, Louis-Conn I, making weight, computer welterweight tournament, Dempsey-Marciano, Holyfield-Foreman (color).

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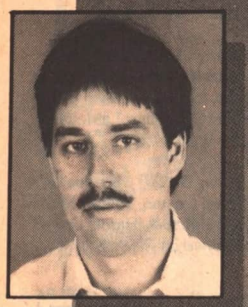


Ryan Out Loud

By Jeff Ryan

THE BROTHERS GRIM

It was a brothers act that tapped passions not seen in Montreal since the days when Maurice and Henri Richard were collecting Stanley Cups like they were Dixie Cups. And the fans watching Matthew, Davey, and Alex Hilton didn't have to sit around a frozen rink to get *their* goosebumps. The Fighting Hiltons didn't wear the rougue, white, and blue of *Les Habitants*, but the crowd at the Montreal Forum adored them anyway. After all, they were Canadians, if not *Canadiens*, and they looked like three Zambonis run amok as they iced one intimidated opponent after another.

Today, sadly, the Hiltons look out on missed scoring opportunities as they sit together in the penalty box. Major misconduct. Alex, who hasn't fought in five years due to various prison stints, is again serving time. And in May, Matthew and Davey, kids who have always been distressed by Alex' cavalier disregard for his life, were arrested for the armed robbery of a Montreal donut shop. Police allege that the brothers pulled stockings over their faces, produced a pistol, and stole $136. A third man, no relation to the Hilton brothers, was apprehended and charged with driving the getaway car.

Stocking masks? A lousy $136? It all makes no sense—until you read a report in the New York *Daily News* that says the brothers were drunk at the time of the holdup. If they are indeed guilty, this would go a long way toward explaining why.

For if there has been one common denominator in every story of a Hilton gone astray, it is alcohol. Boxing fans who'd packed a Montreal Forum decorated with as many Molson advertisements as Stanley Cup banners didn't need to hear about Lenny Dykstra's idea of fun at a bachelor party or Willie Shoemaker's stretch run to within a nose of life's finish line. They had already learned how devastating booze can be to a pro sports career.

They'd seen Alex' repeated lockups: for firing a gun through a disco window while drunk; for an assault committed during a barroom brawl; for violating parole by driving while intoxicated. In 1985, Davey was fined and had his driver's license suspended when he pleaded guilty to a charge of impaired driving and refusing to take a breath test. And there have been rumors of other drunken incidents involving the Hilton brothers.

The boys' father, Davey Hilton Sr., once succumbed to alcohol, as did their grandfather. When Davey Jr. was just 14, and Alex 13, they'd sneak into a nightclub to drink. I grew to know Davey and Matthew pretty well, especially Matthew. They were always open about the family's struggles, and regardless of their problems, were two of the nicest, most cooperative guys I've met in boxing. The thought that Matthew, the Hilton who could best hold his liquor, might have now been driven to mayhem by the bottle, is scary.

The Hiltons: Davey, Alex, Matthew, and Stewart

This latest Hilton story is not one that makes you sad, but angry. You don't want to wipe a tear from the eye and write flowing verse about the tragedy of lost potential. Instead, you want to get within an inch of their faces and scream, "DIDN'T YOU GUYS REALIZE WHAT YOU HAD!"

Davey, smacking Ron Amundsen in September 1988, may have been the most talented of the Hilton brothers.

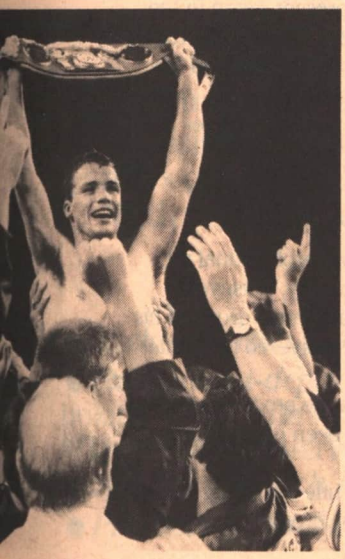
They once had the maple leaf by the stem. On December 4, 1983, one of the most electrifying boxing nights of the '80s, the brothers fought on a card at the Forum. Middleweight Alex and junior middleweight Matthew scored easy kayos, and a clash of heads resulted in welterweight Davey fighting to a technical draw with a bloodied Mario Cusson. When the attendance of 20,700 was reported in the U.S., some boxing people thought it was a misprint. News of the live gate of $800,000 convinced them that it wasn't.

(Three months later, Davey would blow out Cusson in 29 seconds in front of 19,807 Forum fans.)

The Hiltons weren't exactly Leonard, Hearns, and Duran, but they weren't three clubfighters propped up by easy comp and a good p.r. man, either. Alex was an animal, relentless in his attack. Davey was a skilled boxer-puncher and one of the fastest fighters in the game. And Matthew owned a left hook that might have been boxing's singlemost devastating punch.

But the most valuable gift each had was time. Within 23 days of their cash register-ringing arrival at the big time, all three would celebrate birthdays. Matthew would turn 18, Alex 19, and Davey 20. And the farm system was deep, with 14-year-old Stewart and 11-year-old Jimmy gloved up and waiting for the day they'd get their call to the big leagues.

But then a few not-so-funny things happened on the way from the Forum. Alex' partying led to two upset defeats, then prison. Davey, who became a top 147-pound contender, broke his leg and finger when he crashed a motorcycle in his parents' backyard in 1985, and has never been in title contention again. Stewart eventually turned pro and won his first three fights. But in 1986, the car he was driving hit the concrete support of a highway bridge, killing him and a female companion. In this instance, alcohol did not play a part.



Matthew's moment came in June 1987: a win over Buster Drayton and the IBF junior middleweight title.

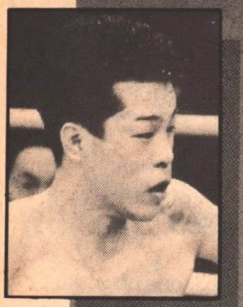
Matthew went on to win the IBF junior middleweight crown, but then lost it to the very ordinary Robert Hines. A draw with nobody Fermin Chirino and a stoppage defeat to the inferior Doug DeWitt followed. Matthew didn't drink his way out of fighting trim, he ate his way out. But he once told me, "We Canadians like our beer," and there were few party invitations that he ever declined.

Other fighters have blown opportunities. Hector Camacho squandered once-in-a-decade talent, and Mike Tyson, no matter what he may still accomplish, let sloppy training and late nights rob him of a chance to be considered the greatest heavyweight of all-time. But Camacho and Tyson are nonetheless millionaires and household names. The Hiltons never came close to earning a million, and though they are known in most Canadian households, it is notoriety, not fame, that they've achieved.

I've been ringside at Joe Louis Arena in Detroit for a Thomas Hearns fight, sat amid the Mike Tyson crazies in Upstate New York, the Marlon Starling throng in Hartford, Connecticut, and Vinny Pazienza's Pazmaniacs in The Devil's Den in Providence. Never, *ever,* have I experienced anything like the migraine madness of the Forum on the summer afternoon in 1987 when Matthew beat Buster Drayton for the world title.

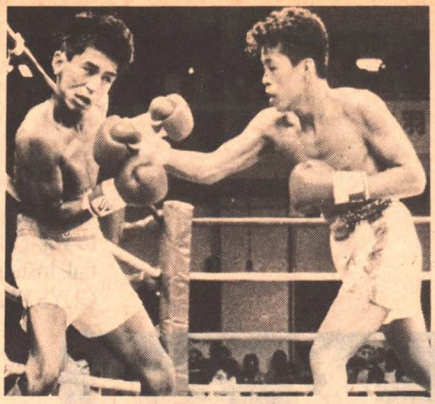
It was a sound that should have echoed through boxing for years, one that should still be echoing now. On one of those rare and magical days when the Forum could be made frenzied by someone who didn't own a slapshot, Matthew Hilton, despite the problems of his brothers, was where he wanted to be. Only good things were going to happen. Title defenses. Fat purses. He was even going into business.

Ironically, the grandson, son, and brother of alcoholics was opening a sports bar. It would eventually burn to the ground. Metaphors don't come any stronger than that. ■



New Faces

By Joe Koizumi & Joseph C. Tintle



Tatsuyoshi kayos Okabe

Joichiro Tatsuyoshi

Bantamweight

You'll have to forgive the Japanese. They usually don't predict stardom for a boxer after only six fights. But 21-year-old Joichiro Tatsuyoshi, a free spirit in a rigid society, has captured their imaginations.

For starters, he's a wise guy. During a training session, his father told him that a man owes it to himself to always strive to be first.

"Like us," the son replied, "the number-one poorest family."

And when his countrymen found out that the wise guy was also a tough guy in high school, they couldn't hear enough about how he had systematically dismantled fellow students to become the school boxing champion. Or how he punched out his least favorite teachers. The wise guy and tough guy was also a bad guy.

While Tatsuyoshi's immediate acquaintances kept their distance, Shingo Yoda, a gym teacher, took an interest in the teenager. After seeing what Tatsuyoshi was capable of doing with his hands, Yoda knew there was only one place for such fists of fury, the Teiken Gym in Osaka. It was owned and operated by Kiyoshi Yoshii, who handled two world champions, Jiro Watanabe and Takuya Muguruma.

It wasn't long before Tatsuyoshi mastered boxing's fundamentals and was ready for his first amateur fight. He went on to post an amateur record of 18-0 (18) and become the All-Japan amateur champion.

Yoshii saw in Tatsuyoshi a fighter who he thought should represent Japan in the 1988 Olympics. But Tatsuyoshi sustained a knee injury just before the opening round of the competition that determined Japan's Olympic team. The injury curtailed his lateral movement, and he suffered his first loss.

Disappointed, he quit boxing. But a year-and-a-half later, the prodigal son resumed his career.

PROFESSIONAL RECORD

	1989	
Sept. 29	Sang Myon Choi, Osaka	KO 2
	1990	
Feb. 11	Chucherd Eausampan, Tokyo	KO 2
June 28	Samuel Duran, Osaka	KO 7
Sept. 11	Shigeru Okabe, Tokyo	KO 4
Dec. 18	Jun Cardinal, Osaka	KO 2
	1991	
Feb. 17	Abraham Torres, Tokyo	D 10

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
	6	5	0	1	5

Photos By Mikio Nakai

In September 1989, Tatsuyoshi's fast hands demolished his first professional victim, Korea's Sang Myon Choi, in two rounds. The following February, Tatsuyoshi fought the semifinal on the Mike Tyson-Buster Douglas card. Tatsuyoshi dropped his hands and left himself open for a vicious left hook in round one delivered by former Thai bantamweight champion Chucherd Eausampan.

Embarrassed, Tatsuyoshi decided to take out his opponent in the next round, and he did, with a nasty body shot. Since that night, Tatsuyoshi has been one of Japan's most popular fighters.

In only his fourth fight, he seized the national bantamweight title from Shigeru Okabe. He backed up Okabe for three rounds, and in the fourth, dropped him with a series of lefts and rights.

Most fighters would have been satisfied with the effort, but Tatsuyoshi isn't like most fighters.

"I showed just 50 percent of what I am in the gym," he said afterward. "I'll show a better performance the next time."

Tatsuyoshi's immediate goal is to win a world title before his ninth fight. (He's currently rated 16th by the WBC and 11th by the WBA.) That would break the Japanese record held by former WBA junior flyweight champion Yoko Gushiken and former WBC strawweight champion Hiroki Ioka. Each man captured the world title in his ninth bout.

Can he do it? He believes so. And so do his countrymen. They're sure that the wise guy, tough guy, and bad guy is already good enough. ■

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CHARLEY BURLEY: WHY BOXING'S "FINEST ALL-AROUND FIGHTER" NEVER GOT A TITLE SHOT

By Ronald K. Fried

When boxing legends as wise and venerable as former light heavyweight champion Archie Moore and trainer Eddie Futch name the same fighter as the best they've ever seen, anyone truly interested in boxing history had better listen up.

Archie, you fought Rocky Marciano, Jimmy Bivins, and Harold Johnson. Which was your toughest foe?

None of the above. "Guy named Charley Burley," he says. "Knocked me down twice and won over 10."

Eddie, you've been around this sport for around 60 years. Who was the best fighter ever?

No hesitation. "Charley Burley," he says, "was the finest all-around fighter I ever saw."

Charley Burley began his career as a welterweight in 1937. He fought mostly as what would today be called a junior middleweight, though he terror-

(Continued on page 65)

Burley as he looked in 1940 at age 23 (posed). Already considered an extraordinary fighter, he was forced to face opponents who outweighed him by as much as 50 pounds. In 1947, the 30-year-old Burley, unable to find opponents, went to work as a garbage collector in order to feed his family, including the newborn son he holds in his arms (below). Burley as he looks today, age 74, in the Pittsburgh home he shares with his protective, loving wife.

Photo By Lorraine Kreahling

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette
SPORTS
TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1939

Burley, Yarosz and Angott Win
Action in Two of Three All-Star Bouts

20,015 Crowd Sees Fritzie Bow To Colored Welte

Charley Too Clever for Lawrencevil Lad; Al Gainer Outclassed By Former Middleweight Champ

Charley Burley Wins Hollywood Bout

Charley Burley Over Dave

Is Winner Clark On K.O.

MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE BOUT

Technical K.O. Over

Jack Chase in

Burley Champ

By JIM MITCHELL

San Francisco

Burley Gets TKO Over Williams

Referee Halts Fight In Ninth; Big Crowd Attends

By Fred Digby

Past Williams, Burley Wants Zivic, Cochrane

Rating the greatest years in boxing history

Compiled By Steve Farhood

Boxing fans love to rate fighters, fights, left hooks, even cutmen. Who was the best ever, Robinson, Armstrong, or Louis? Was Ali-Frazier I a better fight than Ali-Frazier III? Did Dempsey hit harder than Marciano? Whose Q-tip would you rather have in your corner, Freddie Brown's or Eddie Aliano's?

Okay, so maybe the relative merits of cutmen Brown and Aliano don't get much play in your neighborhood watering hole. But almost every other conceivable category has been examined, dissected, and debated. Except for one. What was the best *year* in boxing history?

In compiling the candidates and then rating boxing's five best years, we considered the following: great fights, historically significant fights, great fighters, and depth (the number of memorable fights and fighters in a particular year).

Some of our conclusions:

■The modern era's first 50 years produced only one entry (1938). In the teens and '20s, the big fights were spread out. (For example, in 1910, the year of the critical Johnson-Jeffries showdown, there was only one title fight at lightweight, and none at light heavyweight or middleweight.) Moreover, until recently, the champions of the lighter weight classes were overshadowed by the heavyweights and middleweights.

■Some of boxing's best bouts, like Ali-Frazier I (1971), came in years with few other significant fights.

■Because of specific developments, strong years have tended to follow relatively weak ones. The early-'20s were better than the late-teens because of the implementation of the Walker Law; the late-'40s were better than the early-'40s because of the end of World War II; the early-'80s were better than the late-'70s because of a proliferation of American champions and the renewed sponsorship of network television.

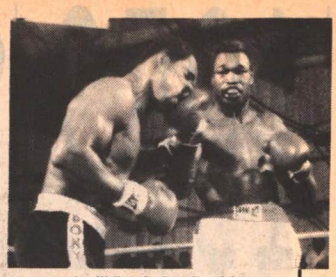
Here, then, in order, are our picks.

1978

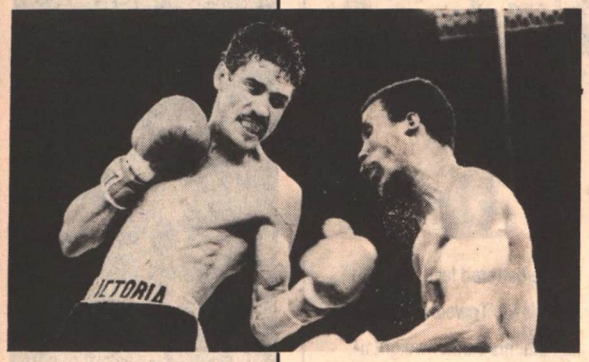
weight title for the record third time, by decision over a poorly prepared Leon Spinks. The bout, held before 63,532 fans at the Louisiana Superdome, set a record for live gate.

Other Highlights:

Welterweight champions Carlos Palomino and Pipino Cuevas retain their crowns vs. Mando Muniz and Pete Ranzany, respectively . . . Before moving up to challenge Gomez, Zarate kayos the clever Albert Davila . . . Mike Rossman scores a huge upset, stopping longtime light heavyweight champion Victor Galindez on the Ali-Spinks II undercard.

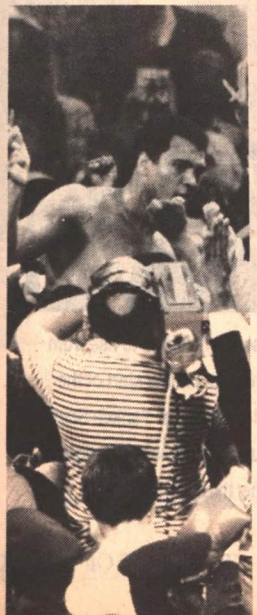


round will live in boxing history. Ignoring fatigue, the fighters took turns hammering each other. Holmes, boxing with an injured left arm, emerged victorious via split decision and began an extraordinary reign that would last seven years.

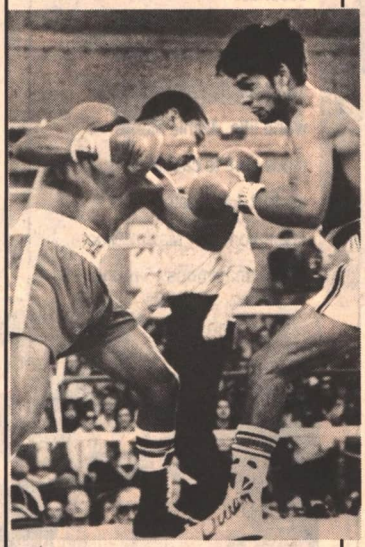


■ Alexis Arguello never took the easy route. In winning the featherweight title in 1974, he came from behind to kayo Ruben Olivares. In January 1978, he captured his second crown, dethroning stubborn junior lightweight champion Alfredo Escalera in San Juan, Puerto Rico. It was a brutal brawl, but no more brutal than their rematch, fought one year later.

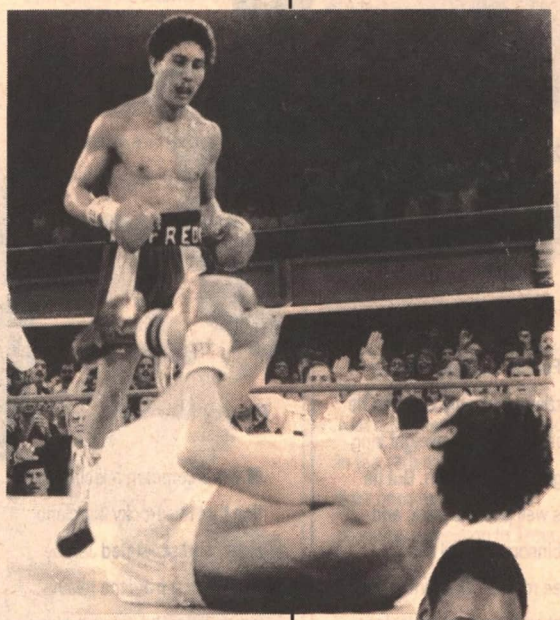
■ In boxing, miracles do happen. Muhammad Ali is carried on the shoulders of well-wishers after winning the heavy-



■ Among the greatest series of fights in history was Roberto Duran's trilogy with archenemy Esteban DeJesus. The rubber match, contested in Las Vegas to unify the lightweight title, featured a role reversal. The usually aggressive

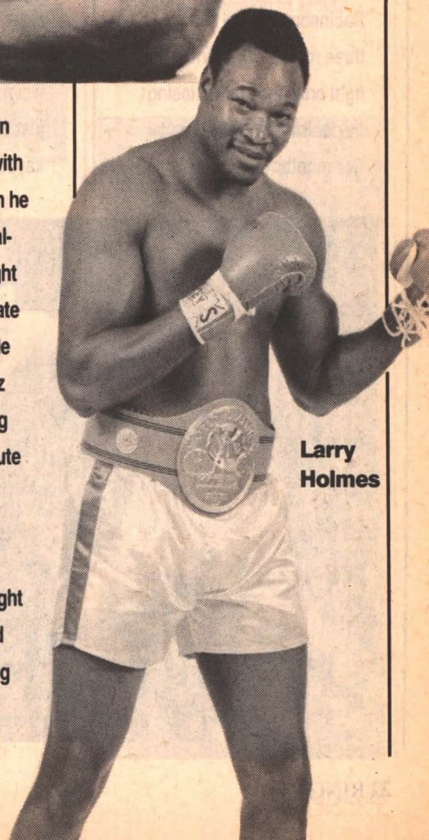


Duran counterpunched and patiently wore down his clever Puerto Rican foe. DeJesus fell in the 12th round, securing Duran's status as one of the best 135-pounders ever.



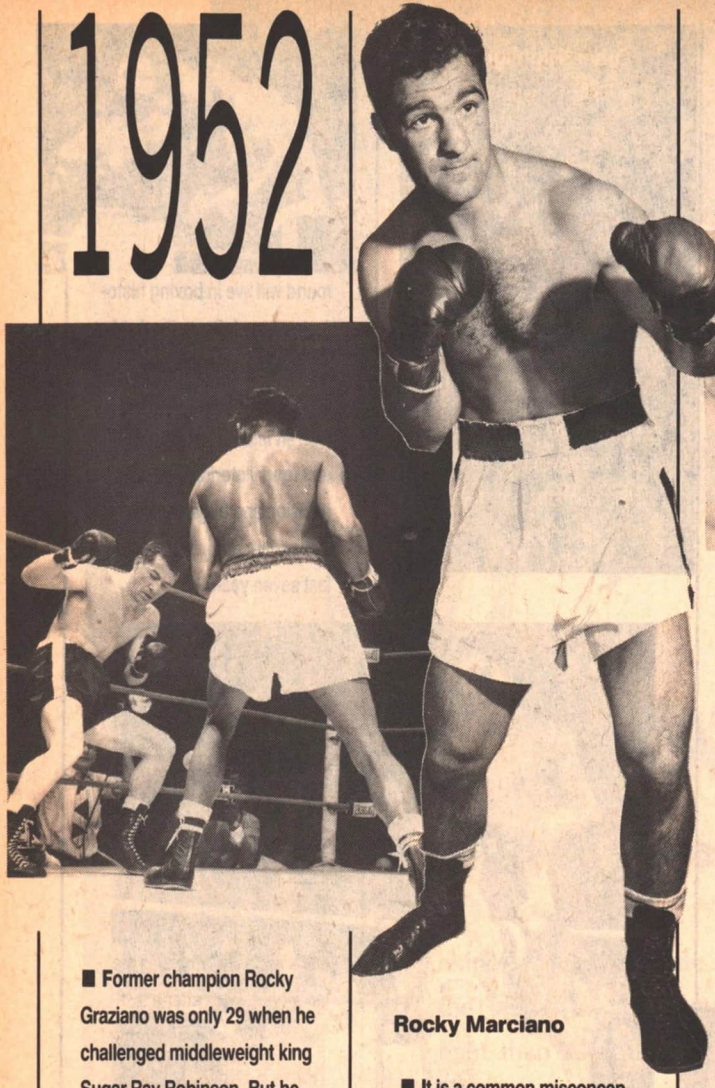
■ Bantamweight champion Carlos Zarate was armed with awesome credentials when he entered the ring for his challenge of junior featherweight titlist Wilfredo Gomez. Zarate was 45-0 (44) and had made eight defenses. But Gomez was his master, pummeling the favored Mexican en route to a fifth-round stoppage victory.

■ The heavyweight title fight between Larry Holmes and Ken Norton was compelling throughout, and the 15th



Larry Holmes

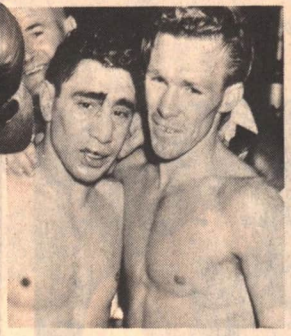
1952



■ Former champion Rocky Graziano was only 29 when he challenged middleweight king Sugar Ray Robinson. But he was well past his peak, and Robinson stopped him in three rounds. Graziano would fight only once more, losing by decision to Chuck Davey five months later.

Rocky Marciano

■ It is a common misconception that this Rocky Marciano right hand separated Jersey Joe Walcott from the heavyweight title. But it was a cross just like this one that suddenly kayoed Walcott in the 13th round. Marciano, behind on points at the time of the knockout, would go on to become the only unbeaten champion in history.



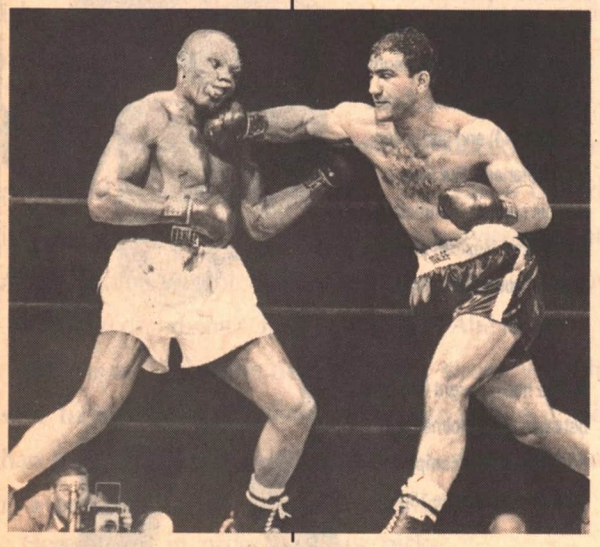
■ The battered face of South Africa's Vic Toweel belies the fact that his bantamweight title defense against Australia's Jimmy Carruthers ended after less than one round. Carruthers, the first universally recognized champion from Down Under, poured in punches from the opening bell and stopped Toweel after 139 seconds.

■ Having waited several years for his first crack at a world title, Archie Moore made sure to capitalize against light heavyweight champion Joey Maxim. Moore won a unanimous 15-round decision. He subsequently failed twice in efforts to win the heavyweight title, but held on to the 175-pound crown into the early-'60s.

Other Highlights:

Among the winners at the Olympic Games in Helsinki: American middleweight Floyd Patterson and Hungarian light middleweight Laszlo Papp, who wins his second consecutive gold medal . . . Before destroying Graziano, Robinson outpoints Bobo Olson . . . At lightweight, Jimmy Carter loses the title to Mexico's Lauro Salas via split decision, then regains it . . . Kid Gavilan keeps the welterweight crown, topping Bobby Dykes, Gil Turner, and archrival Billy Graham.

■ The suffocating 104-degree summer heat, and not the power of defending light heavyweight champion Joey Maxim, has whipped middleweight king Sugar Ray Robinson, who failed to rise from his stool at the start of the 14th round at Yankee Stadium. Robinson was trying for his third world title.



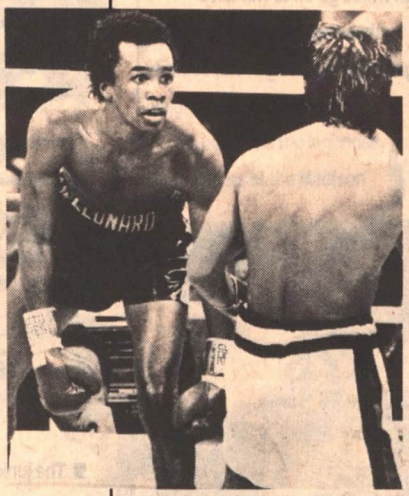
1980

tle fights. In the first matchup, Mexico's Sanchez, a huge underdog, scored a 13th-round stoppage. Four months later, he halted Lopez in 14 rounds. It was the last fight of Lopez' thrilling career.

■ This picture—Salvador Sanchez throwing and Danny Lopez catching—was replayed again and again during the featherweights' pair of ti-

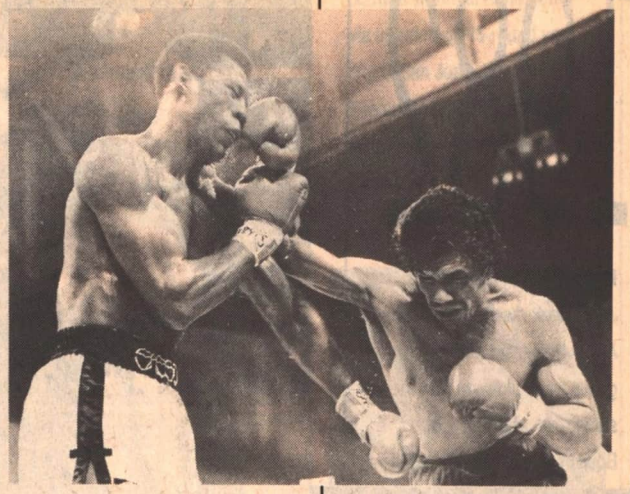
■ Tactics like this prompted welterweight champion Roberto Duran to utter "no mas" during his rematch with Sugar Ray Leonard at the Louisiana Superdome. Duran, who had

Salvador Sanchez

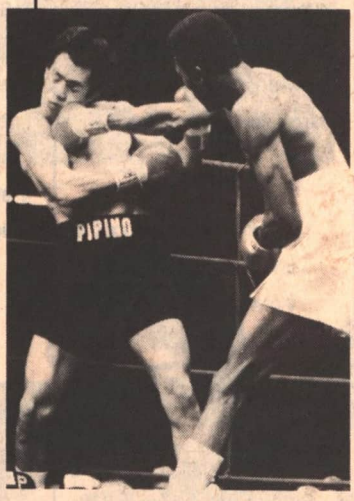


outpointed Leonard nine months earlier, was slightly behind on points when he shockingly surrendered in round eight.

■ Before his defense against Yaqui Lopez, light heavyweight champion Matthew Saad Muhammad knew he would be severely tested; in 1978, Lopez had pounded him

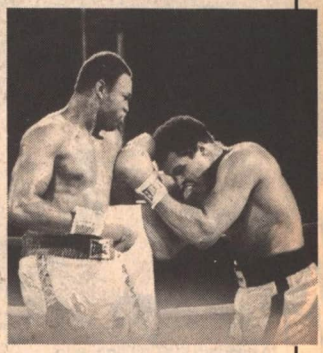


before succumbing in the 11th round. As it turned out, the rematch was just as brutal, with the indefatigable titlist surviving a beating before rallying to score a 14th-round kayo in the Fight of the Year.



■ Before their welterweight title fight in Detroit, the battle between defending champion Pipino Cuevas and Motown hero Thomas Hearns was called pick-'em. But it turned out to be a mismatch, as Hearns crushed the Mexican with right crosses en route to a second-route kayo.

■ Boxing's ugly side surfaced when heavyweight champion Larry Holmes pummeled a lifeless Muhammad Ali during their title fight in



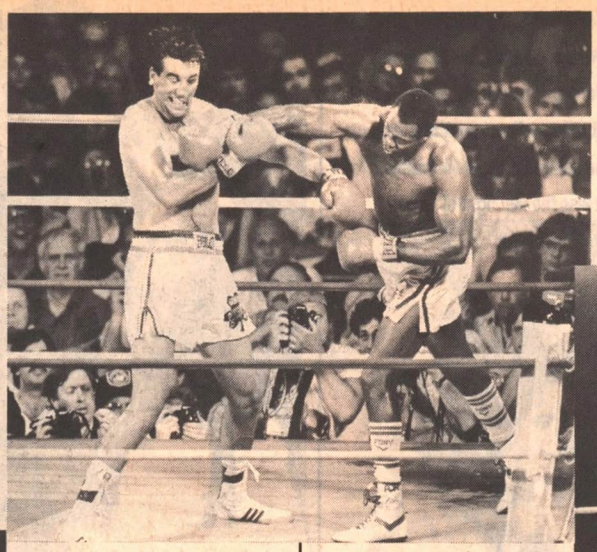
Las Vegas. Ali, who was making a comeback after a two-year retirement, was stopped in the 11th round. He would fight once more, however, dropping a decision to Trevor Berbick 14 months later.

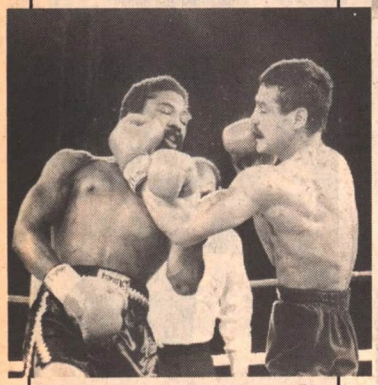
Other Highlights:

Marvin Hagler massacres fellow southpaw Alan Minter and wins the middleweight title . . . Philadelphia's Jeff Chandler takes a share of the bantamweight crown, stopping Julian Solis . . . In a bloody duel in Glasgow, Scotland, lightweight Jim Watt rejects the challenge of Sean O'Grady . . . The swarming Aaron Pryor introduces "Hawk Time" with a quickie kayo of legendary junior welterweight champion Antonio Cervantes.

1982

■ The Fight of the Decade: Junior welterweight champion Aaron Pryor and Alexis Arguello trade blows during their showdown at the Orange Bowl in Miami. Arguello's bid

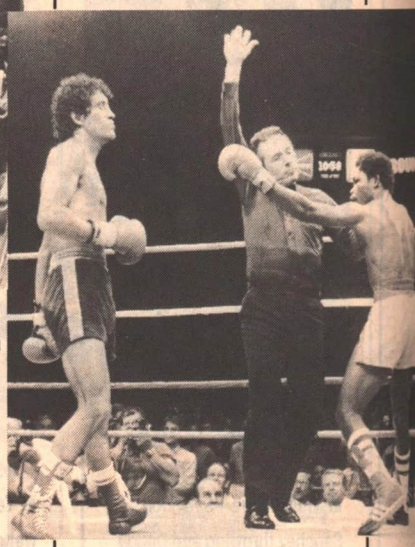




to become the first fighter to win titles in four different divisions was ruined by Pryor, who scored a spectacular 14th-round kayo.

■ Among the most eagerly anticipated heavyweight title fights of all-time was won by defending champion Larry Holmes, who kayoed unbeaten Gerry Cooney in 13 rounds at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Cooney fought gamely, but was no match for one of the greatest heavyweights in history.

■ Referee Tony Perez calls a halt to the featherweight title bout between champion Salvador Sanchez and unknown substitute Azumah Nelson in the 15th round at Madison Square Garden. It was the last fight of Sanchez' career; he was killed in a car accident less than one month later. Nelson would go on to win titles at featherweight and junior lightweight.



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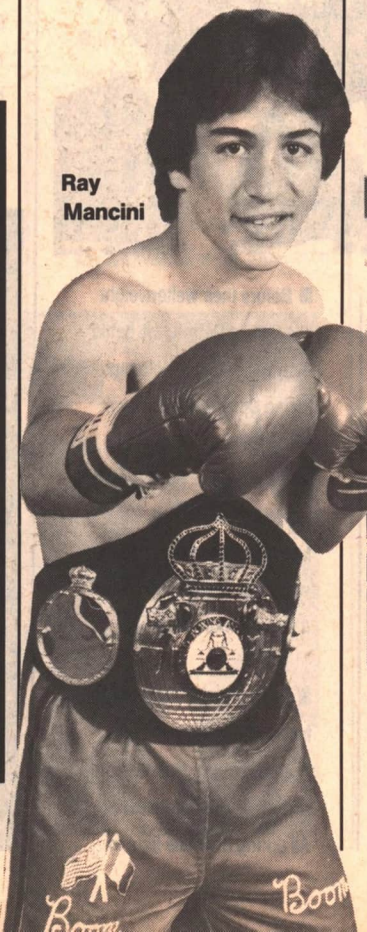
enough punishment from the fists of lightweight champion Ray Mancini. Kim, who lasted until the 14th round, died from head injuries suffered in the nationally televised bout.

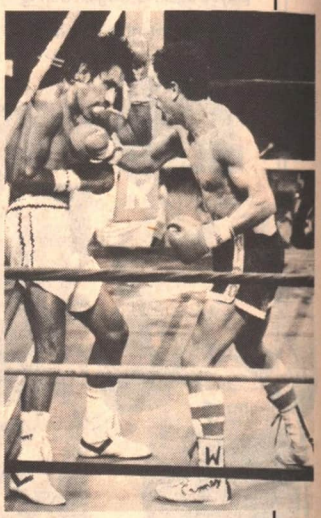
Other Highlights:

Light heavyweight champion Dwight Qawi again knocks out Matthew Saad Muhammad . . . In a battle of champions, Thomas Hearns carefully outpoints Wilfred Benitez at junior middleweight . . . In their fourth—and wildest—battle, an inspired Bobby Chacon rallies to edge Bazooka Limon . . . Before losing to Hearns, Benitez easily outpoints Roberto Duran . . . Marvin Hagler rejects Caveman Lee—in one round—and Venezuela's Fully Obelmeijas.



Ray Mancini

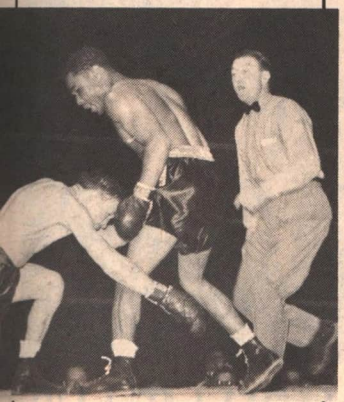
■ Referee Richard Greene indicates that Korea's courageous Duk Koo Kim has taken



■ The junior featherweight title fight between defending champion Wilfredo Gomez and bantamweight king Lupe Pintor was an unforgettable punchathon, won by Gomez via 14th-round stoppage. And it wasn't even the main event, playing backup to the Thomas Hearns-Wilfred Benitez 154-pound championship match at the Louisiana Superdome.

1938

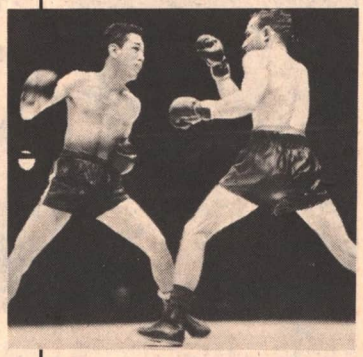
■ Ten weeks after dethroning welterweight champion Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong makes history by winning Lou Ambers' lightweight title on points. The triumph gave Armstrong the featherweight, lightweight, and welterweight



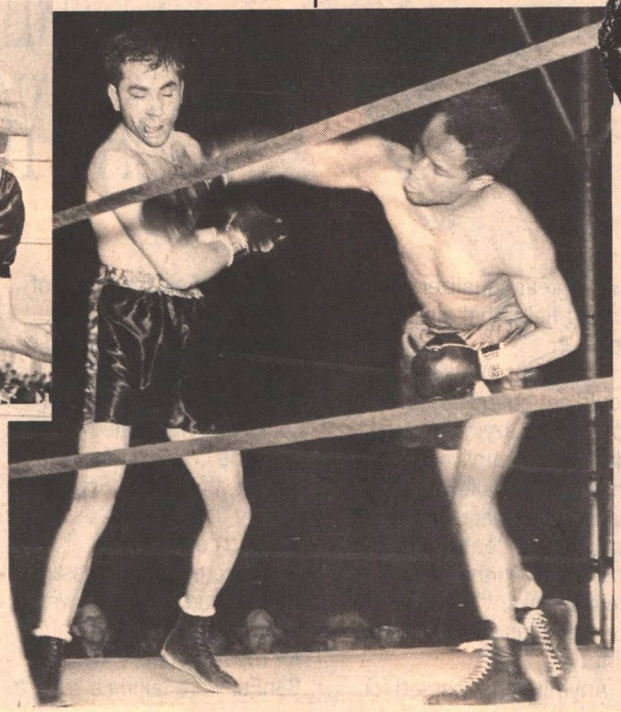
titles. Two years later, he almost added the middleweight crown, but was held to a draw by Ceferino Garcia.

■ Middleweight champion Fred Apostoli (right) struggles with former welterweight champion Young Corbett III during their non-title fight in San Francisco. Apostoli won a 10-round decision, and then, nine months later, stopped Corbett in the eighth round of a title fight. It was Apostoli's last successful defense.

■ Revenge was so sweet for heavyweight champion Joe Louis, who made his fourth defense by knocking out former titlist Max Schmeling in one round at Yankee Stadium. Two years earlier, Schmeling had issued Louis his first defeat via 12th-round stoppage.



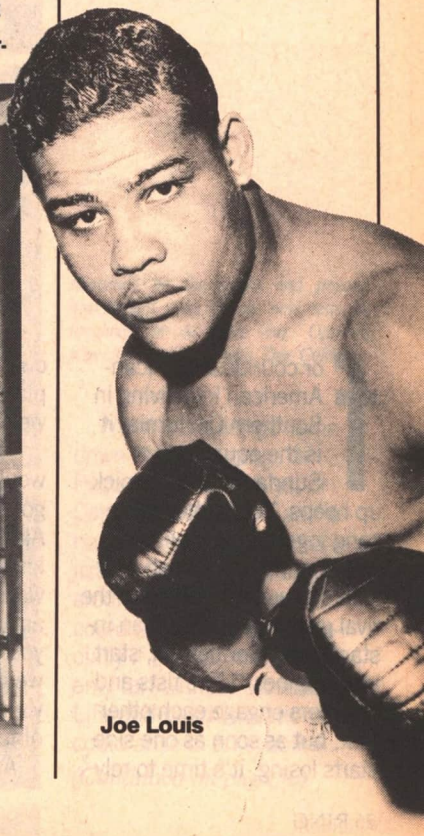
■ The beginning of the most glorious title reign in welterweight history: Henry Armstrong pummels the legendary Barney Ross at the Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City, New York. Armstrong decisioned Ross and went on to make 19 successful defenses.



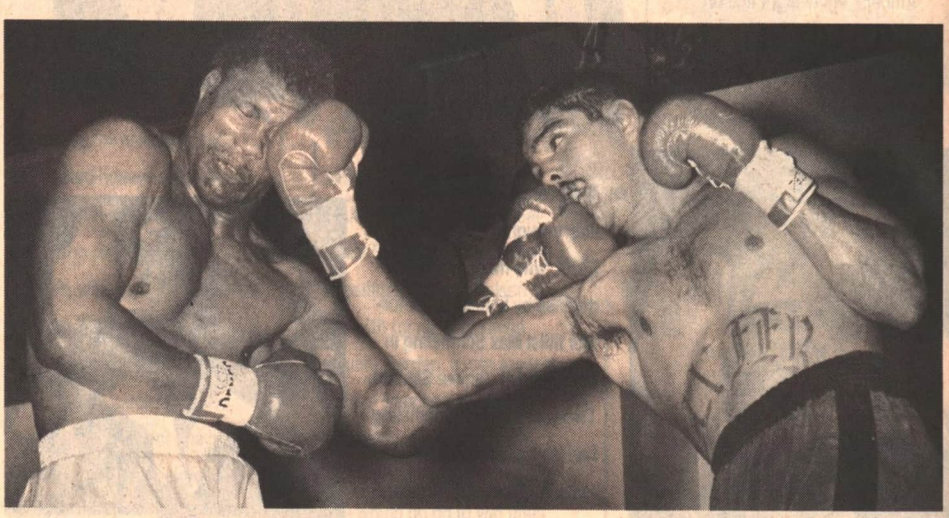
■ Sixto Escobar, the first world champion from Puerto Rico, won the bantamweight title three times. His third coronation came when he outpointed archrival Harry Jeffra via unanimous 15-round verdict in San Juan. It was Escobar's only victory in four tries against his nemesis from Baltimore.

Other Highlights:

Before gaining revenge against Schmeling, Louis knocks out the unthreatening duo of Nathan Mann and Harry Thomas in a combined eight rounds . . . Light heavyweight titlist John Henry Lewis extends his reign with defenses over Emilio Martinez and Al Gainer . . . Powerpunching Al Hostak scores a shocking first-round kayo over Freddie Steele and captures the NBA middleweight title, with Jack Dempsey serving as referee . . . After dethroning Ross, Armstrong defeats Ceferino Garcia and Al Manfredo.



Joe Louis



HEAVYWEIGHT ALEX GARCIA:

TOUGH MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY

By Jeff Ryan

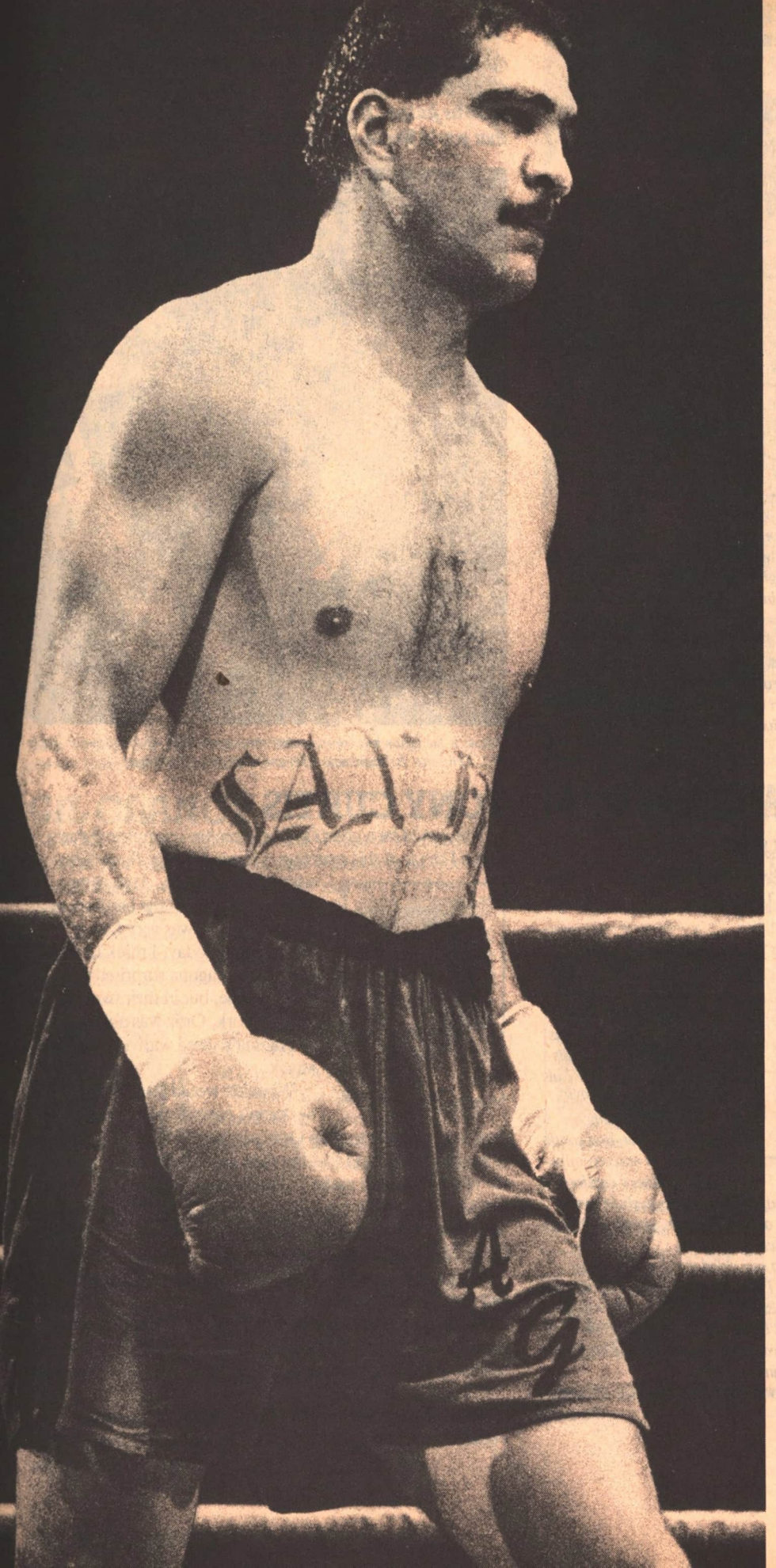
For countless Mexican-American kids living in Southern California, it is the equivalent of Sunday softball or pick-up hoops. You gather your gang together, drive into a neighboring town, flash your colors or yell something to the rival gang there, and in an instant, it's "Gentlemen, start your engines." The fists and crowbars engage each other first, but as soon as one side starts losing, it's time to rely on the great equalizer. On this playing field, that ain't the weather.

"The guns and knives would get pulled out and it got pretty crazy," explains Alex Garcia, survivor of countless rumbles, a few stab wounds, five years in prison, and, most recently, a four-year climb up the heavyweight ranks. "We were young. To us, it was all a lot of fun."

Anything that passed for fun in SanFer, the barrio of San Fernando, California, was usually accompanied by a police siren. Stealing. Drugs. Gang-banging. Garcia's gang was called The Locos (The Crazies). By all accounts, they were. For him, joining a gang wasn't something to contemplate, it was an expected rite of passage. By the time most kids were taking a razor to their chins for the first time, kids in SanFer were taking a knife to somebody else's neck.

In the San Fernando Valley, you were proud of your gang, but you were even more proud of your town. And you advertised it. Some kids used a spray can. Garcia had a friend use a tattooing needle. Today, his midsection is decorated with the words "SAN FER."

"I didn't want to put the whole 'San Fernando' on there or I'd have to wrap it around my back," he says.



Hardened by the streets and prisons, heavyweight Alex Garcia now tests his toughness in the prize ring. Opposite page: Garcia trades with Dee Collier.

When a challenge came down from the gangs of Pacoima, or Van Nuys, or Canoga Park, all of San Fernando's gangs would mobilize for battle. But riding around with a high profile could be dangerous. Especially if the Locos were on enemy turf without a backup. Life-and-death situations could arise in an eyeblink.

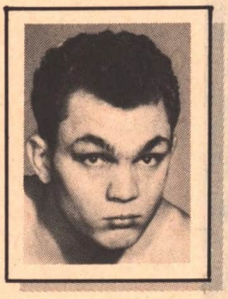
(Continued on page 56)

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Carlos Ortiz

Ponce, Puerto Rico
Career: 1955-1972
61-7-1 with 30 kayos (one no-contest)



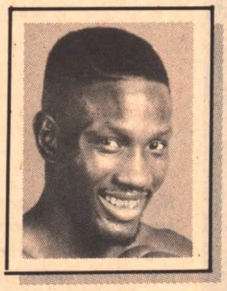
Born in Puerto Rico, but did almost all of his early boxing in New York City. A relatively short (5'7½") boxer-puncher who adapted to his foe's style. At his best, was smooth, strong, and dominant. Lacked discipline, however, and engaged in a lengthy battle with the bottle.

Won the vacant world junior welterweight crown in June 1959 and made two successful defenses. Dropped down and captured lightweight title via 15-round decision over Joe Brown in April 1962. Made a total of nine successful defenses over the course of two reigns. Won two of three vs. Ismael Laguna, and twice stopped Sugar Ramos.

Lost title to Teo Cruz in June 1968. Began a comeback in 1971 and won nine straight, but retired after being stopped by Ken Buchanan in September 1972.

Pernell Whitaker

Norfolk, Virginia
Career: 1984-present
25-1 with 13 kayos



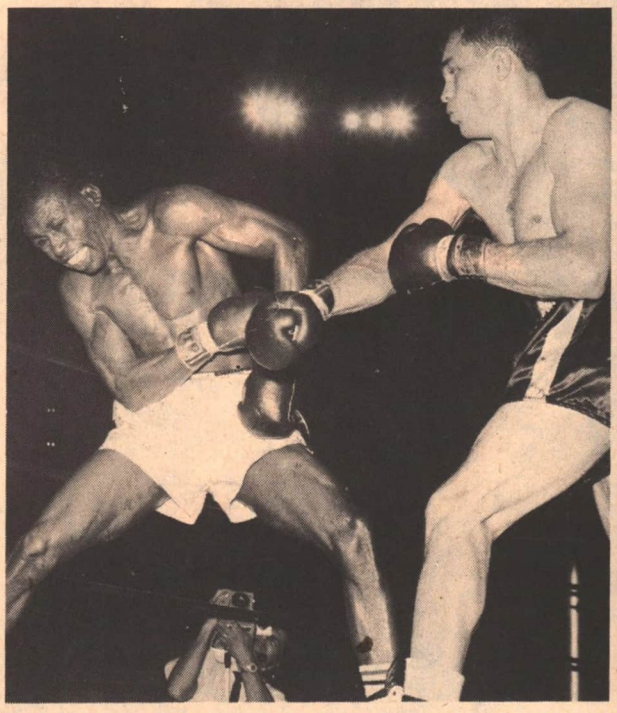
Rated alongside Julio Cesar Chavez as best fighter in world. Won gold medal at 1984 Olympics, and has been dominant as a pro, with only loss a disputed decision to Jose Luis Ramirez in March 1988.

Combines sizzling hands, fast feet, and southpaw style to outclass opponents. Utilizes a cautious approach, but has fought more aggressively in recent title fights. Banks on outstanding jab, straight left, and underrated body attack.

Won IBF title with one-sided decision over Greg Haugen in February 1989, added WBC title by shutting out Ramirez in August 1989, and unified title with first-round kayo of WBA champion Juan Nazario in August 1990. He and Evander Holyfield are the only undisputed champions in the game.

Will soon move up to 140 because of lack of competition at lightweight.

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle Of The Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write to us.



Ortiz wins the lightweight crown, ending the six-year reign of Joe Brown in April 1962. Ortiz won by unanimous 15-round decision in Las Vegas.

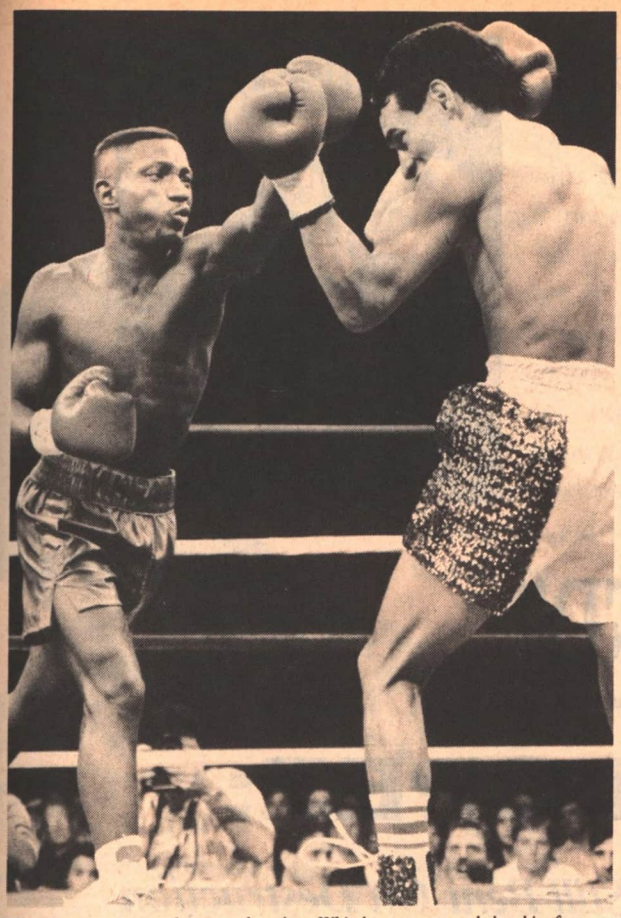
TONY CURTIS

This would be a great fight between two complete fighters. When I think of this matchup, I think of Ortiz' three fights with Ismael Laguna. At the time, Laguna was one of the best boxers around, and he was very fast. If he were fighting today, I think he'd be a champion. Laguna surprised Ortiz the first time, but in their two fights in New York, Ortiz was able to nullify Laguna's speed with a great body attack.

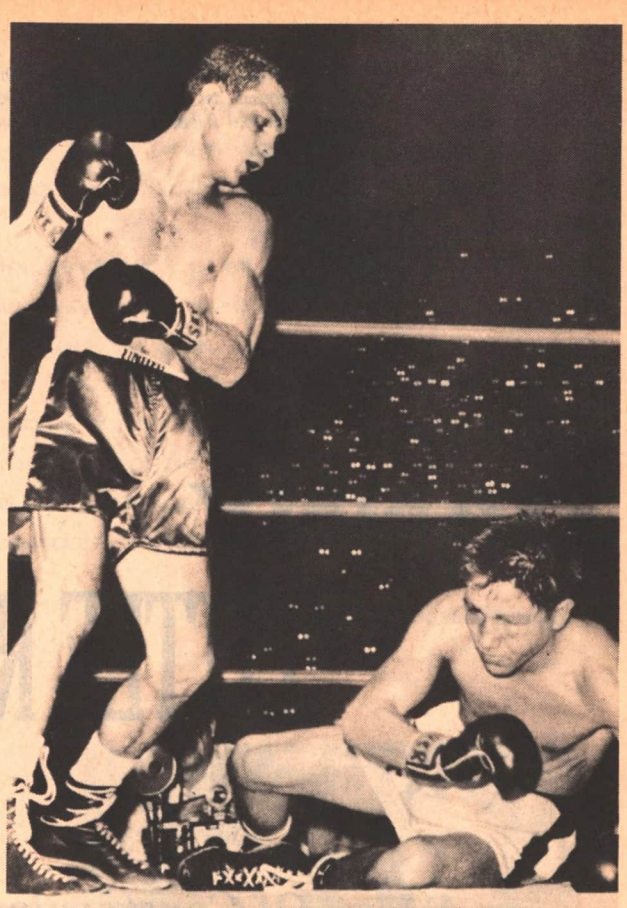
Whitaker would do well early. But he doesn't have the punching power or overall strength to keep Ortiz off him. Ortiz would be able to get inside and land that big right hand to the heart. He'd cut off the ring and make Whitaker fight his fight. And with the body attack slowing Whitaker down, he'd have to stand and trade. Whitaker would probably land more punches, but Ortiz' blows would do more damage.

Whitaker is a talented fighter with no glaring weaknesses. But Ortiz would be much stronger and impose his will. And as they would move into the later rounds, Ortiz' body attack would make the difference. I see Ortiz winning a close but unanimous decision.

Tony Curtis is the matchmaker at the Great Western Forum.



Though an artist, and not a brawler, Whitaker can overwhelm his foes, as challenger Louie Lomeli discovered in April 1989. Lomeli fell in three.

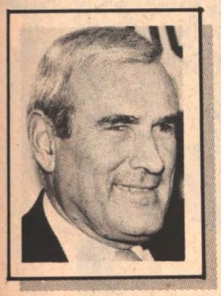


Ortiz' short blows and combination punching usually wore down his opponents. In February 1960, he kayoed Battling Torres in the 10th round.

GIL CLANCY

It would be a great fight. Ortiz and Whitaker were both dominant little men of their eras, and Whitaker is far from through. Right now, Whitaker stands head and shoulders above the lightweights, but his competition hasn't compared to the fighters that Ortiz beat.

Whitaker would start out doing what he does best. He'd be moving side to side, jabbing, and scoring with combinations. I see him winning the first four or five rounds. With his head and shoulder movement and slipping and sliding, he'd be tough to hit.



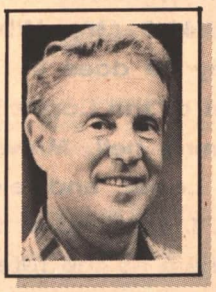
Around the sixth or seventh round, Ortiz' bodypunches would start to turn the tide. Once he would get the upper hand and seize control, he wouldn't let go. Ortiz was very patient; he wouldn't have that much trouble with Whitaker's speed or southpaw style. He had good balance, and he beat good experienced fighters like Joe Brown, Ismael Laguna, and Sugar Ramos.

The further the fight went, the better Ortiz would do. He'd start to dominate from the 10th round on. He'd wear Whitaker down with an accumulation of punches and win by TKO in the 13th.

Gil Clancy, a former trainer, is the boxing analyst for CBS and the MSG Network.

JACKIE McCOY

Ortiz was a seasoned fighter. He beat good opponents who offered a variety of styles. He was a pressure boxer who hit hard with both hands. He could hurt a guy on the inside or the outside. In his prime, he had it all.

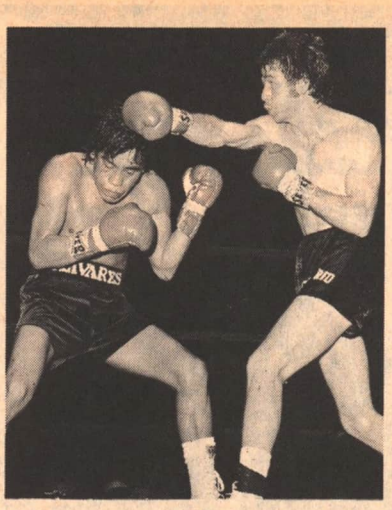


Whitaker is still maturing, and he hasn't yet faced stiff competition, although he had no problem with Azumah Nelson. He's done everything he's been asked to do. As good as he is, I don't think he's reached his peak.

I don't see Whitaker's speed or southpaw style giving Ortiz a problem. Carlos fought southpaws in Kenny Lane, Flash Elorde, and Dave Charnley, and beat them all.

I see this as being a competitive fight from the start. Whitaker would hold his own over the first half. But as they would move into the middle and late rounds, Ortiz would gain control. Both fighters have good chins, so I don't see any knockdowns. Ortiz would win a close decision, although if this fight were made against a more mature Whitaker, it might be a different story. ■

Jackie McCoy has trained and managed several world champions.



Lopez, among the hardest hitters in history, kayoed legends and clubfighters alike. In December 1975, he stopped Ruben Olivares in seven rounds.

DANNY "LITTLE RED" LOPEZ:

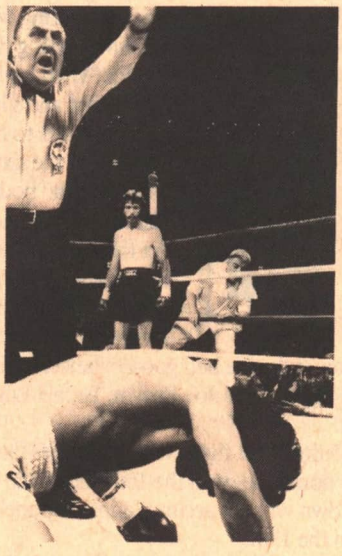
A Man Of Construction Still Bent On Destruction

By Lee Groves

September 15, 1978, Louisiana Superdome: Danny "Little Red" Lopez risks the WBC featherweight crown against Argentina's Juan Malvarez on the undercard of the Ali-Spinks rematch. In this, his fourth defense, the champion scores a knockout, which is not unusual considering his record of 40-3 (38). What makes it special is the dramatic way he does it.

The fight is a microcosm of the Lopez legend. Just 32 seconds after the opening bell, Malvarez lands a right-left-right that drops Lopez and electrifies the 63,350 fans in attendance. Lopez, up at the count of two, wears a blank expression as the referee tolls the mandatory eight-count. The champion tries to force the fight behind his vaunted right, but Malvarez' combinations continue to penetrate Lopez' painfully porous defense.

Malvarez continues his attack in the early stages of round two and staggers the champion with an overhand right. But 20 seconds later, as if on cue, Lopez lowers the boom. A single concussive right leaves Malvarez a confused, unsensing mass of flesh. The challenger, who remains on the canvas long after the 10-count, is a victim of another classic Lopez demolition.



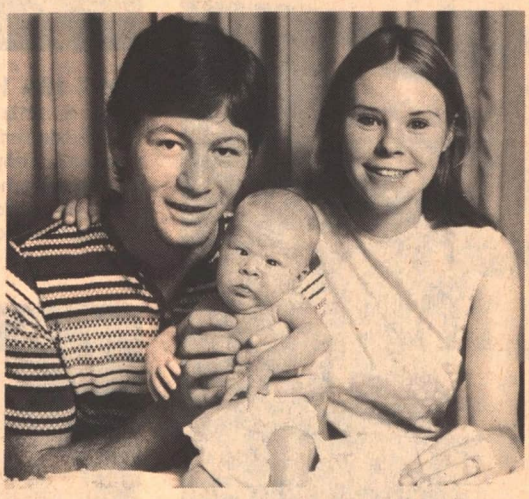
Typical Lopez: In September 1978, he rose from a first-round knockdown to halt Juan Malvarez in round two.

Up until very recently, Danny Lopez was still in the demolition business. For the past three years he has worked as a laborer for three construction companies, the last of which was Craftsman Concrete Cutting in Duarte, California. But two attacks of tendonitis forced Lopez, 38, to quit his job.

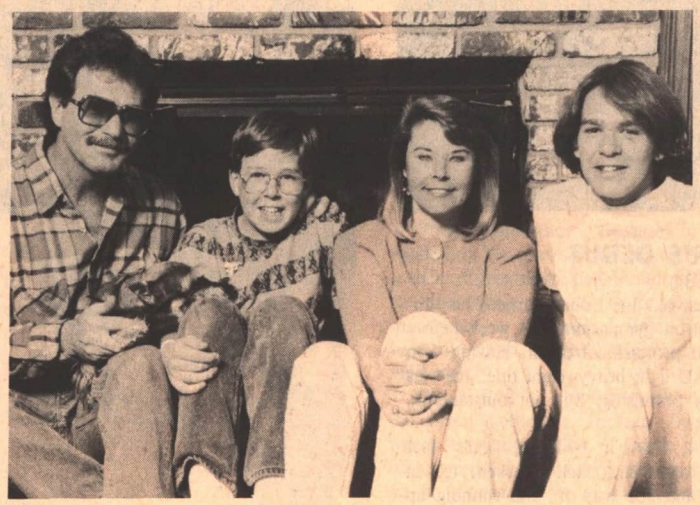
"First I got a swollen tendon in my left arm, and after I took a couple of weeks off, I felt pretty good," said Lopez. "So the doctor gave me the release to go back to work. Two weeks later I'm back to where I started, plus I messed up my other arm. Working with the jackhammer and chipping gun took more out of me than boxing ever did. My arms just couldn't handle it."

Lopez says he has two career options: Either head up an amateur boxing program in Irwindale, California, or, incredibly enough, return to the ring.

(Continued on page 69)

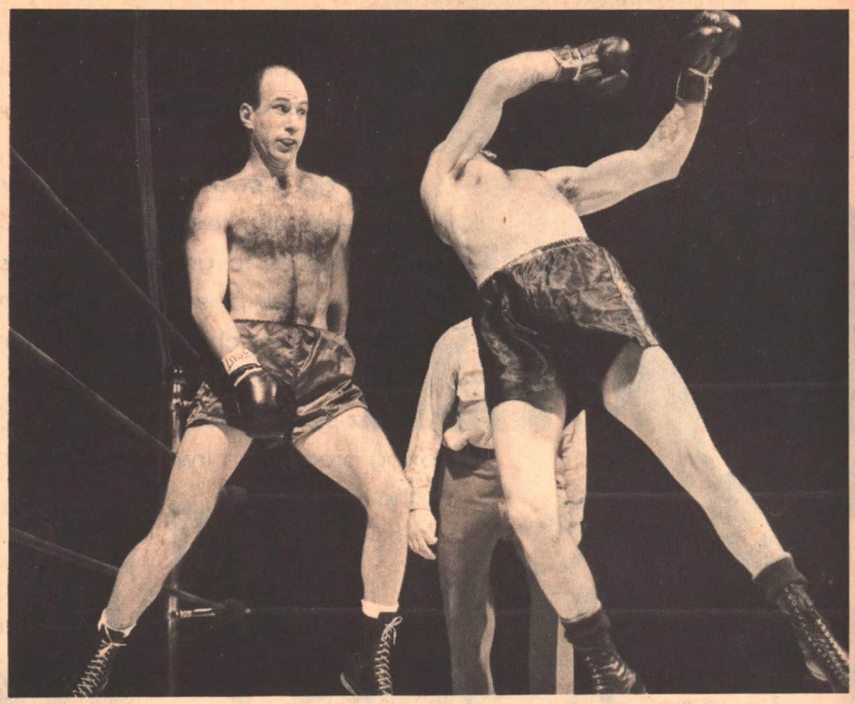


Lopez, then boxing's most exciting featherweight prospect, with wife Bonnie and son Bronson in June 1972 (above). Earlier this year, the former champion poses at home with (from left) son Dylan, Bonnie, and son Jeremy. Bronson missed the photo shoot.



Compiled By Stanley Weston

With files of more than three million black-and-white and color negatives, *The Ring* magazine photo collection is by far the largest in the world. Each issue, we'll pore through the files to bring you some of the most unique boxing photographs ever taken

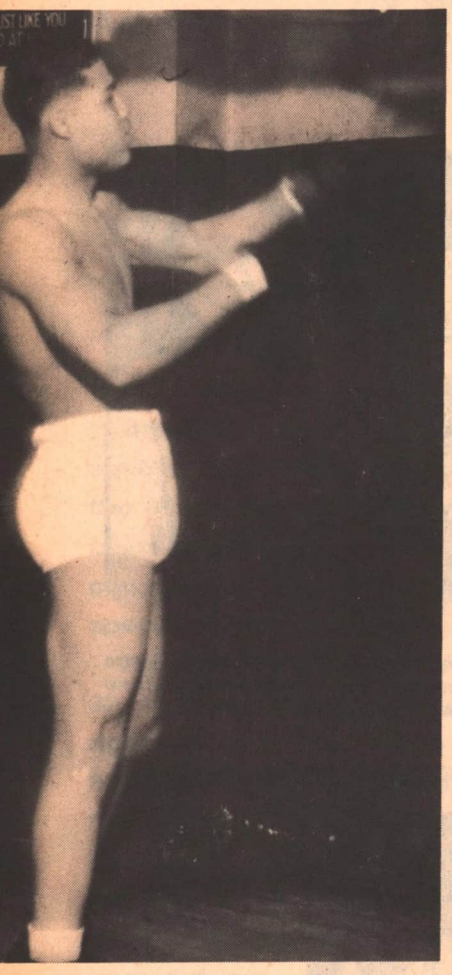


LOST HIS HEAD

(March 8, 1952)

Connecticut middleweight Mike Gillo appears to have lost his head as his graceful but ineffective roundhouse right fell about a yard short of its target—Harold Drucker's head. Drucker was so astonished by the assault that he broke boxing's cardinal rule: Keep your hands up at all times.

The six-rounder, a preliminary to Ernie Durando-Paddy Young at Madison Square Garden, was won by New York's Drucker on points.

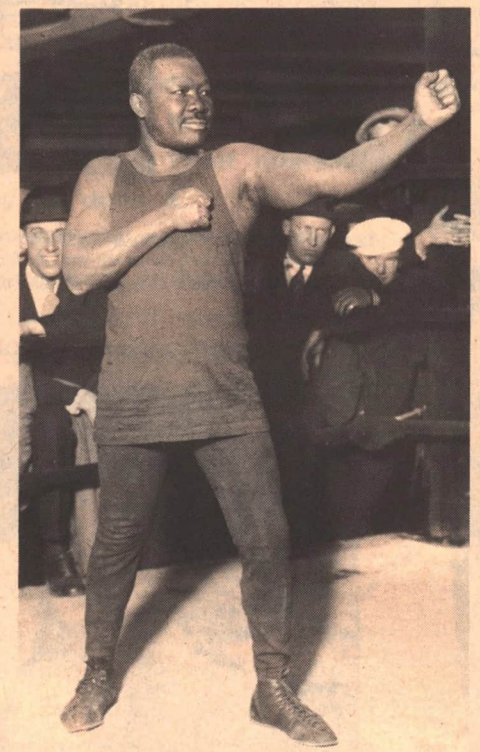


BOMBER'S DEBUT

(June 27, 1934)

Twenty-year-old Joe Louis sharpens his timing at a Detroit gymnasium one week before his scheduled professional debut. Having won the 1934 AAU light heavyweight title, Joe was considered a promising, but not outstanding, pro prospect.

On July 4, 1934, in Chicago, Louis' first professional opponent, Jack Kracken, fell in round one, and Joe was off and running up the glory road. Three years later, he was sitting on the heavyweight throne.



THE ORIGINAL

(March 17, 1927)

Ask 25 boxing historians to name the 50 greatest fighters of all-time and chances are the majority will include Joe Walcott. The "Original" Joe Walcott, that is, who stood only a smidgen over 5-feet and weighed about 145 in his prime. Walcott mopped the floor with world-class middleweights, light heavyweights, and, yes, even heavyweights. Dubbed the "Barbados Demon," Joe's remarkable feats amazed fans and critics during his 21-year career (1890-1911), which was topped by his winning the world welterweight title in 1901.

This picture shows Walcott at age 54, as he worked out for an exhibition bout during the annual boxing writers' dinner. Commented legendary sports columnist Grantland Rice after Joe toyed with a much younger and heavier opponent: "Joe Walcott is much more than just another old boxer. He is a treasure, overly qualified to be the role model for every young man who aspires to win fame in this brutal art form we call boxing."

Many years later, an aspiring young boxer from New Jersey named Arnold Cream carried Grantland Rice's advice even further; he took Joe Walcott's name, tacked "Jersey" before it, and went on to win the world heavyweight crown.

When *The Ring* Publisher Nat Fleischer presented Jersey Joe Walcott with his championship belt in 1951, Fleischer said, "The 'other' Joe Walcott, wherever he may be, might have been mad at you for taking his name. But you can be sure that he forgives you tonight."

"HONEY, THIS DID IT"

(June 14, 1935)

New world heavyweight champion James J. Braddock holds up his mighty left hand and tells his wife May, "This is what did it, honey."

The emotional scene was played out in the Braddocks' New Jersey home the morning after the 29-year old, 193¼-pound Braddock won a 15-round unanimous decision over 25-year-old, 209½-pound defending champion Max Baer in one of boxing's most electrifying upsets. Baer went into the ring a 15-1 favorite, but the courageous, determined challenger, performing with the confidence of a 30-1 favorite, outclassed Maxie from the opening bell.

Braddock's remarkable feat endured his nitch in boxing history and endeared his memory as "Cinderella Jim," the man who fought his way from poverty to royalty.

SPILLED SUGAR

(September 25, 1961)

Seeing the great Sugar Ray Robinson sitting on the canvas was as unlikely a spectacle as Santa Claus riding a surfboard. But here it is, in living black and white.

When Wilf Greaves dug a low blow into Sugar's body at the end of the eighth round, the bell echoed through Detroit's Convention Hall, and the former middleweight champion slumped to the floor, claiming foul.

Although referee Lou Handler later agreed that a foul had been committed, he officially ruled it a knockdown. It was all academic when Robinson was awarded a split 10-round decision. And just to prove he was the better man, three months later in Pittsburgh the incomparable Sugarman kayoed Greaves in the eighth round.

TUMBLING MONGOOSE

(November 15, 1962)

Archie Moore is about to hit the canvas for the second time in the fourth round as a young, fiercely determined Cassius Clay stands ready to deliver the *coup de grace*. It wasn't necessary. When "Old Mongoose" Archie stumbled to his feet, he was promptly dumped a third time, which was all that referee Tommy Hart—and Archie—could take. Hart called a halt at 1:35 of round four.

So what. Another guy gets stopped. What's the big deal?

Here's what: At age 49, Archie Moore is less than a year removed from the world light heavyweight title. He's been a professional fighter for the last 27 years, and this is his 232nd fight. The 20-year-old kid he's fighting in Los Angeles on this night is called the finest young heavyweight prospect since Joe Louis steamrolled out of Detroit 30 years before.

No, this wasn't just another senior citizen being stopped by a budding young tiger. This was a Living Legend playing out the final hand of his unparalleled career against a future legend.

WOW! WHAT A MAN

(February 9, 1923)

When the ocean liner Southern Cross sailed into New York Harbor on a chilly winter morning in 1923, the press turned out in mass. The attraction: Gigantic Argentine and undefeated heavyweight contender Luis "Angel" Firpo, who was arriving for his scheduled battle with Bill Brennan.

This was Luis' second visit to America. The year before he had racked up four knockouts in as many bouts, inspiring a New York sportswriter to dub him "The Wild Bull of the Pampas." It was rumored that Firpo, in his Goucho days on the vast cattle ranges of Argentina's pampas, could knock down a full-grown steer with one mighty blow. Unfortunately, there had never been a photographer around to record the feat.

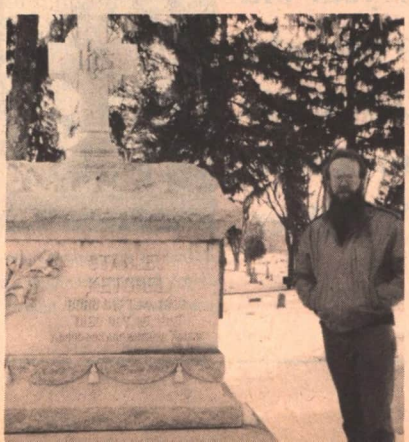
Firpo was promised that if he whipped Brennan, he would be rewarded with a title shot against champion Jack Dempsey. Luis kept his part of the bargain, kayoing Brennan in 12 rounds, and promoter Tex Rickard, true to his word, gave Luis his chance at the title.

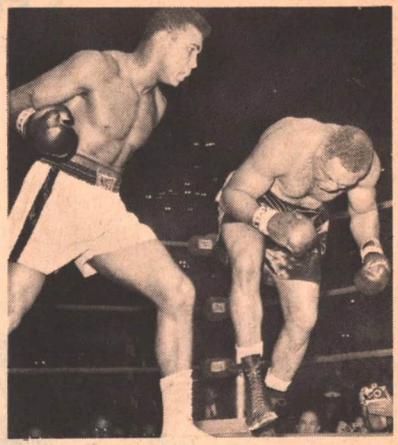
Six months later, on September 14, 1923, Firpo and Dempsey nearly killed each other in

LANDMARK STATUS?

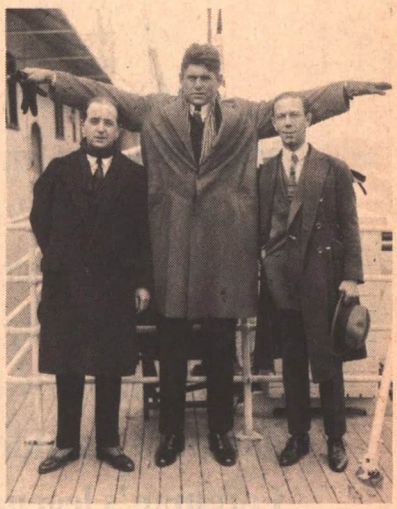
(December 6, 1990)

Of the hundreds of legendary champions and near-champions immortalized in boxing annals, very few, if any, can equal the mys-





One thing more; Archie flatly refused to ring down his illustrious saga a loser. Four months after he fell to Clay, he knocked out an aspiring young mountain of muscle named Mike DiBiase in three rounds in Phoenix, Arizona. It could not have ended any other way. Archie Moore just had to go out a winner.



the most thrilling prizefight of all-time. In addition to proving himself the world's best heavyweight, Dempsey also proved he had a better chin than any of those raging bulls Luis had flattened on the pampas.

tique and charisma generated, even to this day, more than 80 years after his murder at age 24, by the dynamic and psychotic Stanley Ketchel.

Standing alongside Ketchel's impressive gravesite in a Michigan cemetary is James Sanderson, one of many infected with the Ketchel legend.

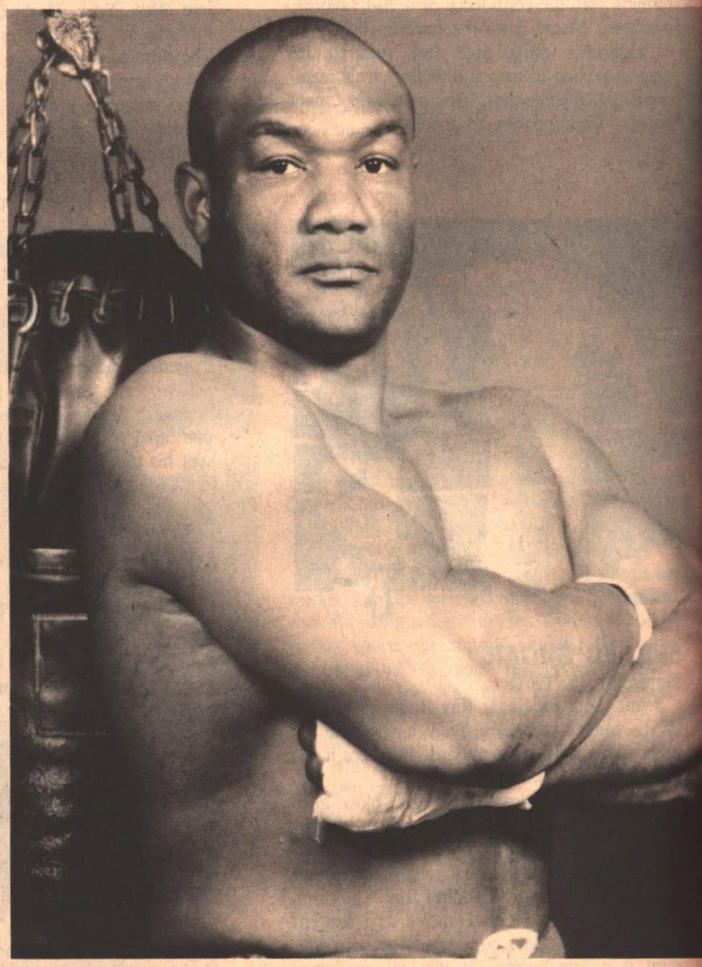
Writes Sanderson: "Because of extensive vandalism, the gravesite of Stanley Ketchel is in a state of progressive deterioration. I am trying to raise enough money to restore the stone monument to its original state, and also to have the tomb officially registered a national landmark."

The Ring enthusiastically endorses Sanderson's objective. In fact, *The Ring* will match every one dollar of public contribution with one dollar of its own. If you are interested in becoming part of this historic project, send your contributions to: *The Ring* (Ketchel Fund), Box 768, Rockville Centre, NY 11571.

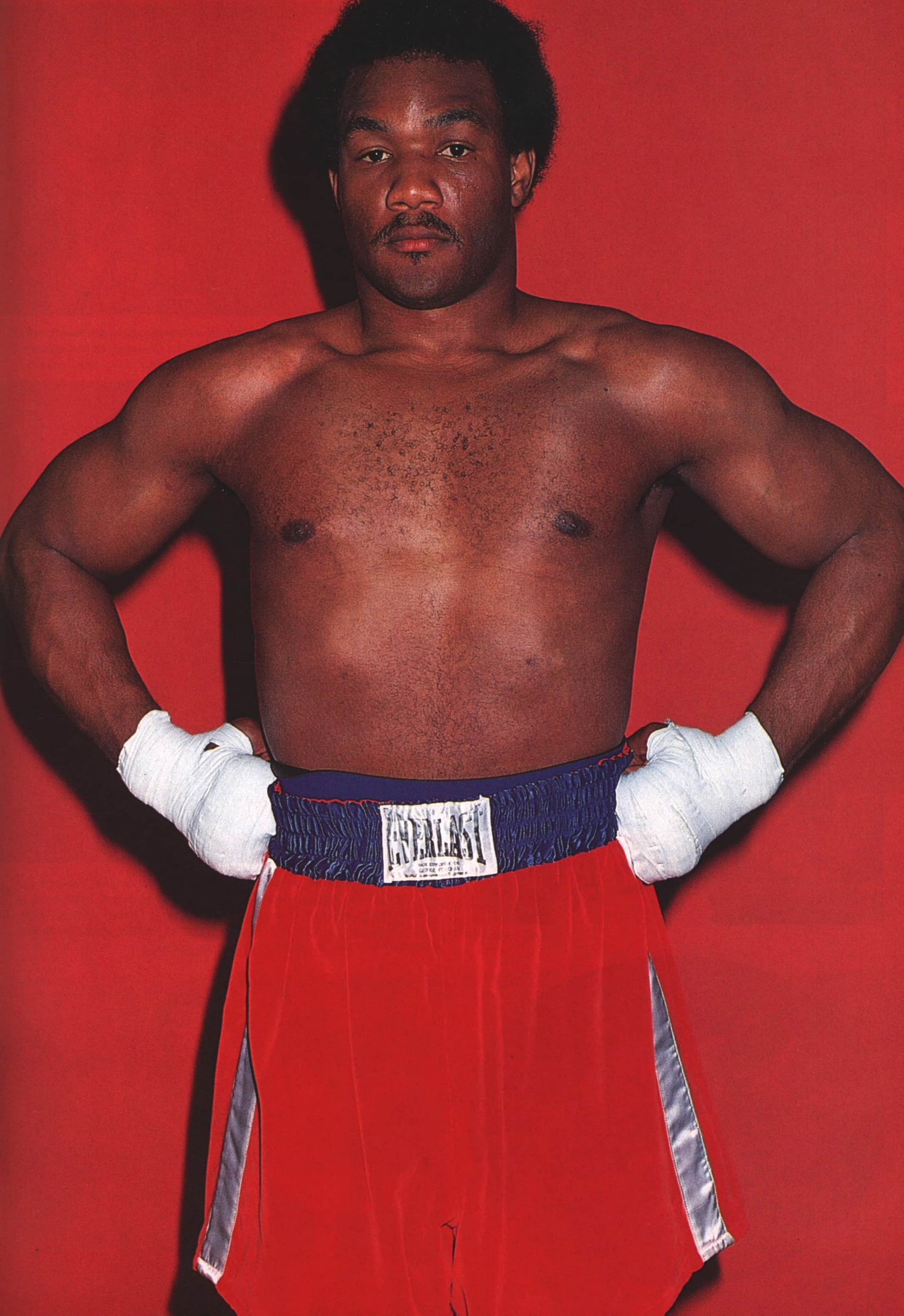
THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF GEORGE FOREMAN

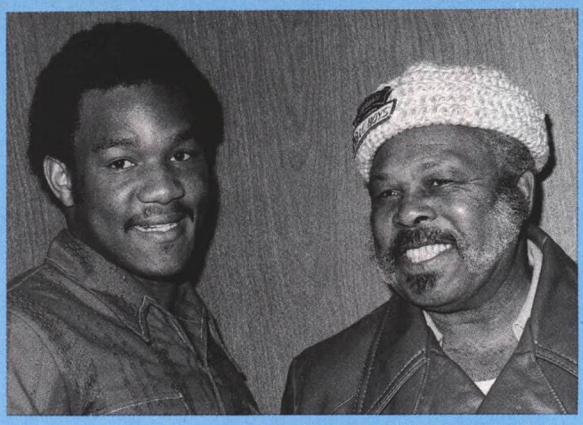
23 YEARS (MINUS-10) AND COUNTING

What George Foreman accomplished on the night of April 19, 1991, will live in boxing history. It didn't matter that Big George was outpointed by heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield; Foreman's legend was secure at the sound of the final bell. In this exclusive photo feature, *The Ring* looks back at the Foreman phenomenon, from the 19-year-old Olympian who moved a nation to the 42-year-old miracle who became America's Fighter.

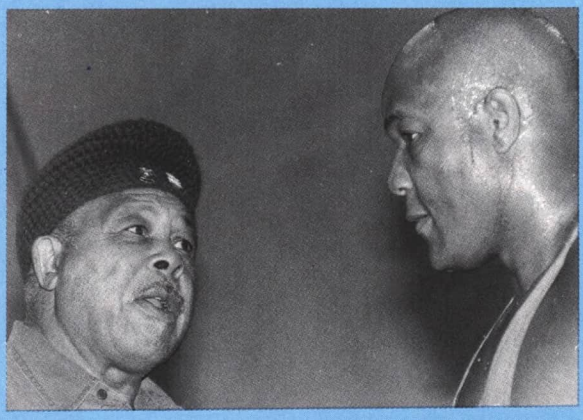


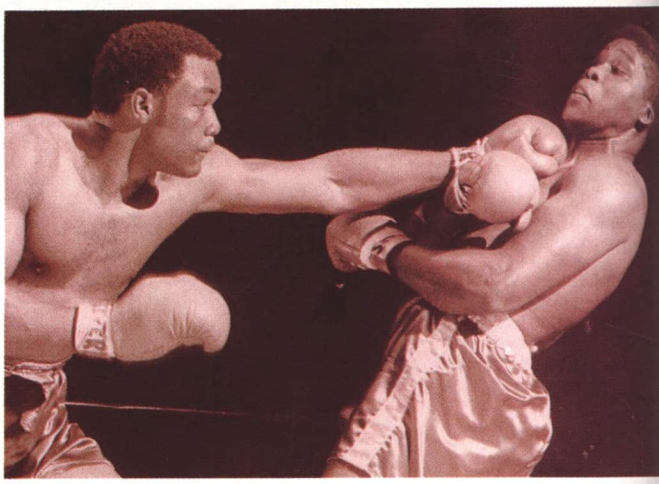
During his extraordinary career, George Foreman has changed in many ways. But he's always been an intimidating presence, as these poses suggest. The photos were taken 12 years apart, in 1989 (above) and 1977 (right).


EVERLAST

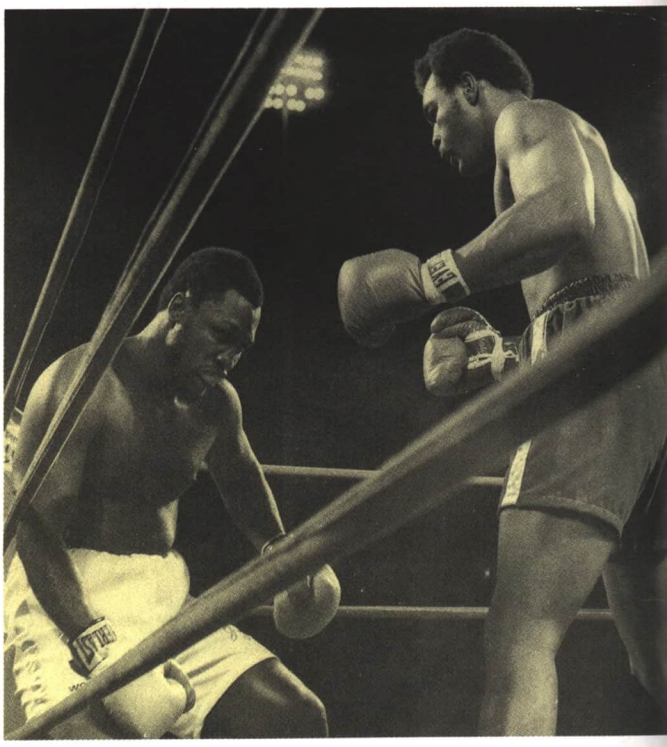


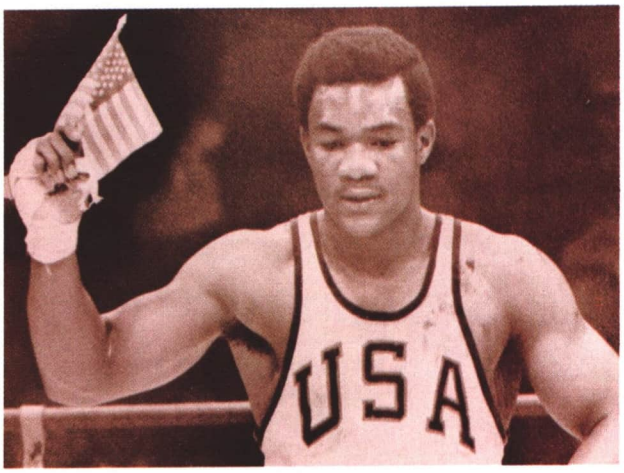
Archie Moore, a key aide to Foreman, seems to ignore the passage of time. These photos were taken in 1973 (above) and 1990 (below).



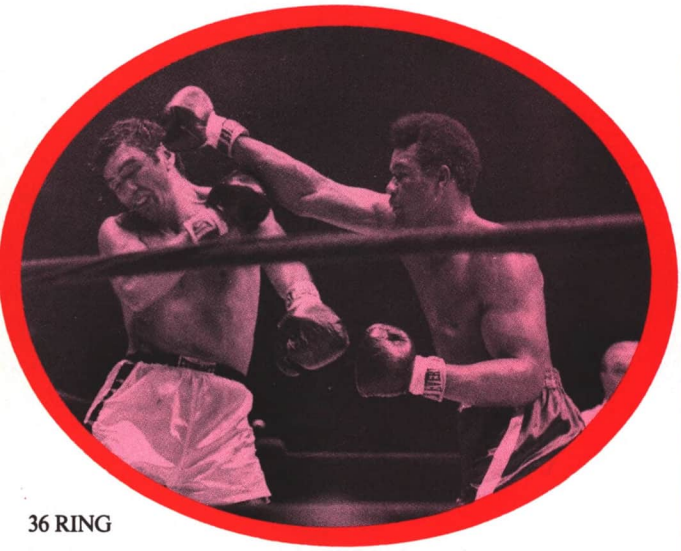


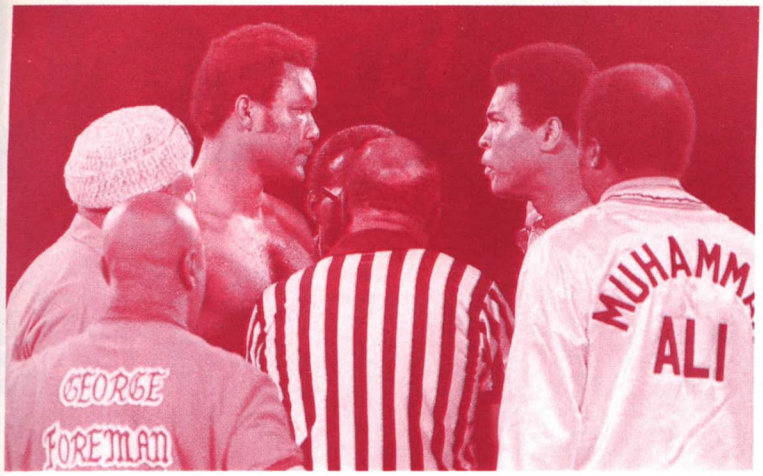
Foreman's power has never been doubted. His 17th victim was Rufus Brassell, who fell in one round in March 1970 (above). In January 1973, Foreman was crowned when he bombed out Joe Frazier in two rounds (below).

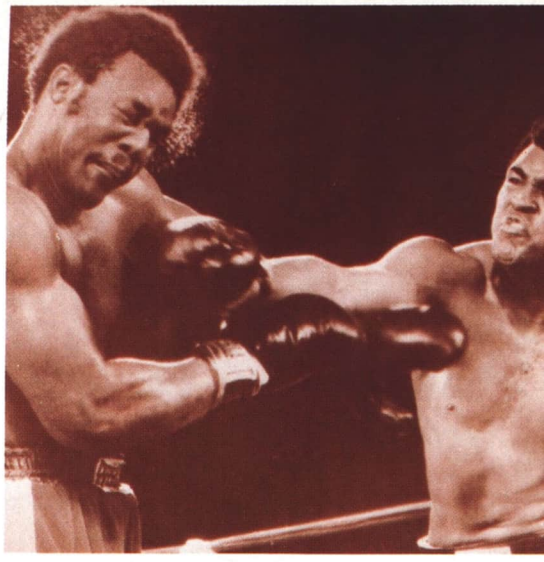




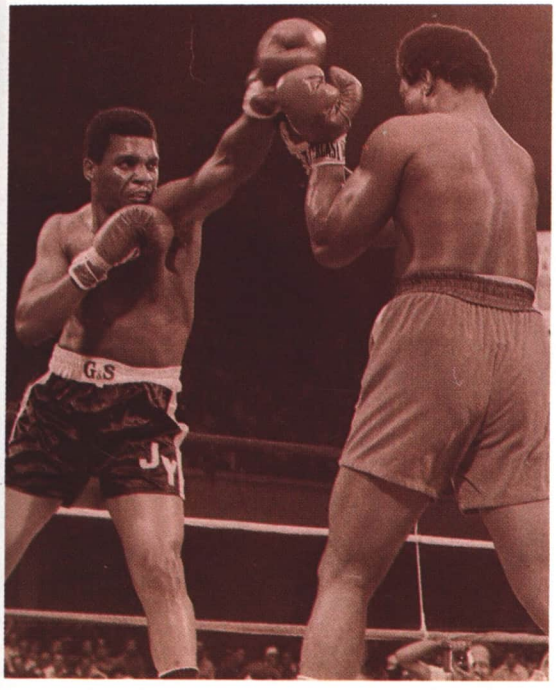
Foreman first commanded the spotlight with a patriotic display after winning a gold medal at the 1968 Olympics (above left). Few of his opponents have lasted as long as Gregorio Peralta, who took Foreman the full 10 rounds in February 1970 (below left). A macabre moment: In April 1975, Foreman fought an exhibition against five different opponents—only four are pictured—in Toronto (below).





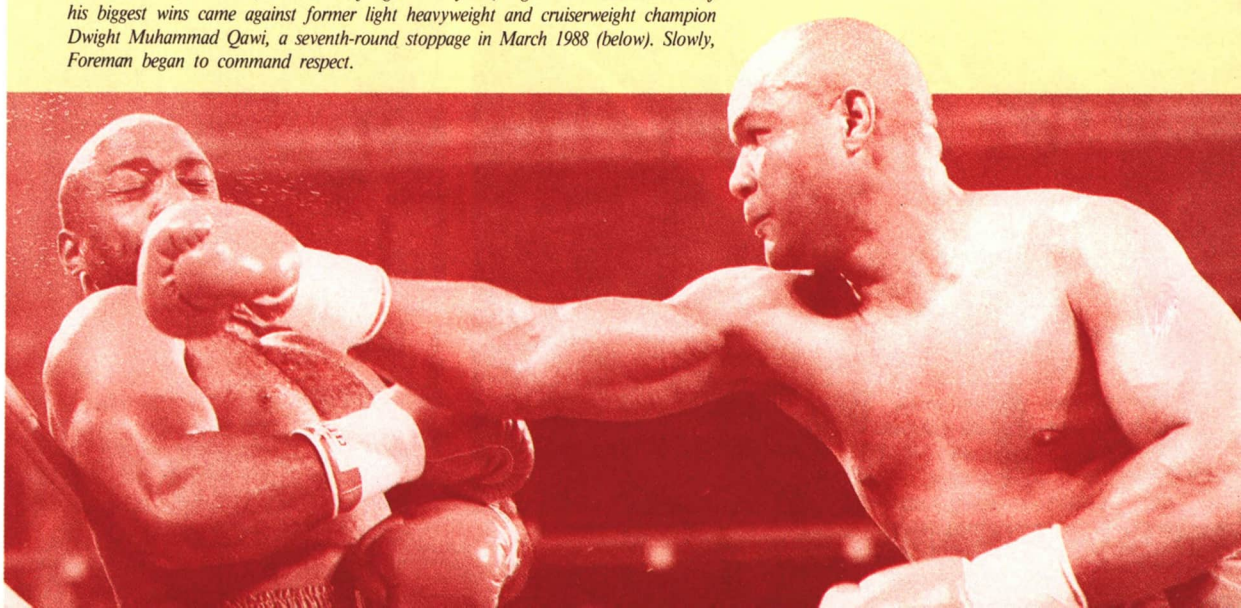


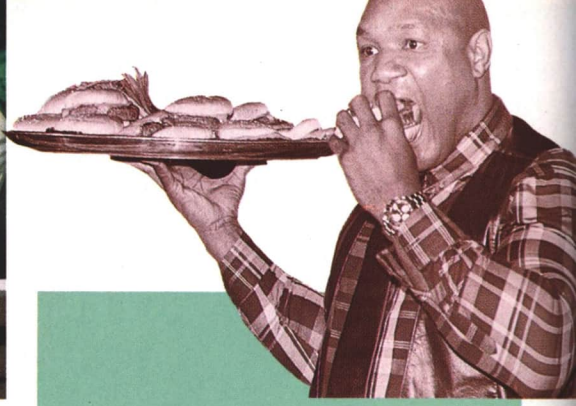
Muhammad Ali, a huge underdog, showed no fear before challenging Foreman in October 1974 (above). Ali took Foreman's best shots, then scored with some of his own (right) before registering a shocking eighth-round kayo. It took Foreman years to accept the defeat.



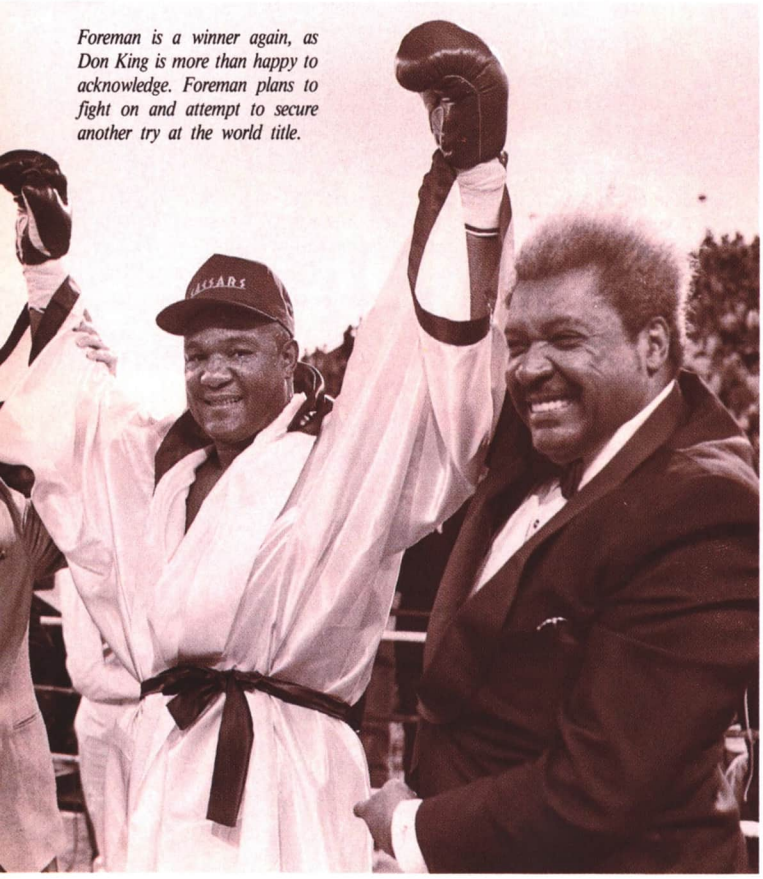
Foreman at his worst and best: In March 1977, he faded and lost a decision to Jimmy Young (left). It was to be the last fight of his first career. In June 1976, he repeated his kayo win of Frazier, stopping the shaven-skulled hooker in the fifth round (above).

In March 1987, Foreman, who hadn't fought in 10 years, began his comeback. One of his biggest wins came against former light heavyweight and cruiserweight champion Dwight Muhammad Qawi, a seventh-round stoppage in March 1988 (below). Slowly, Foreman began to command respect.

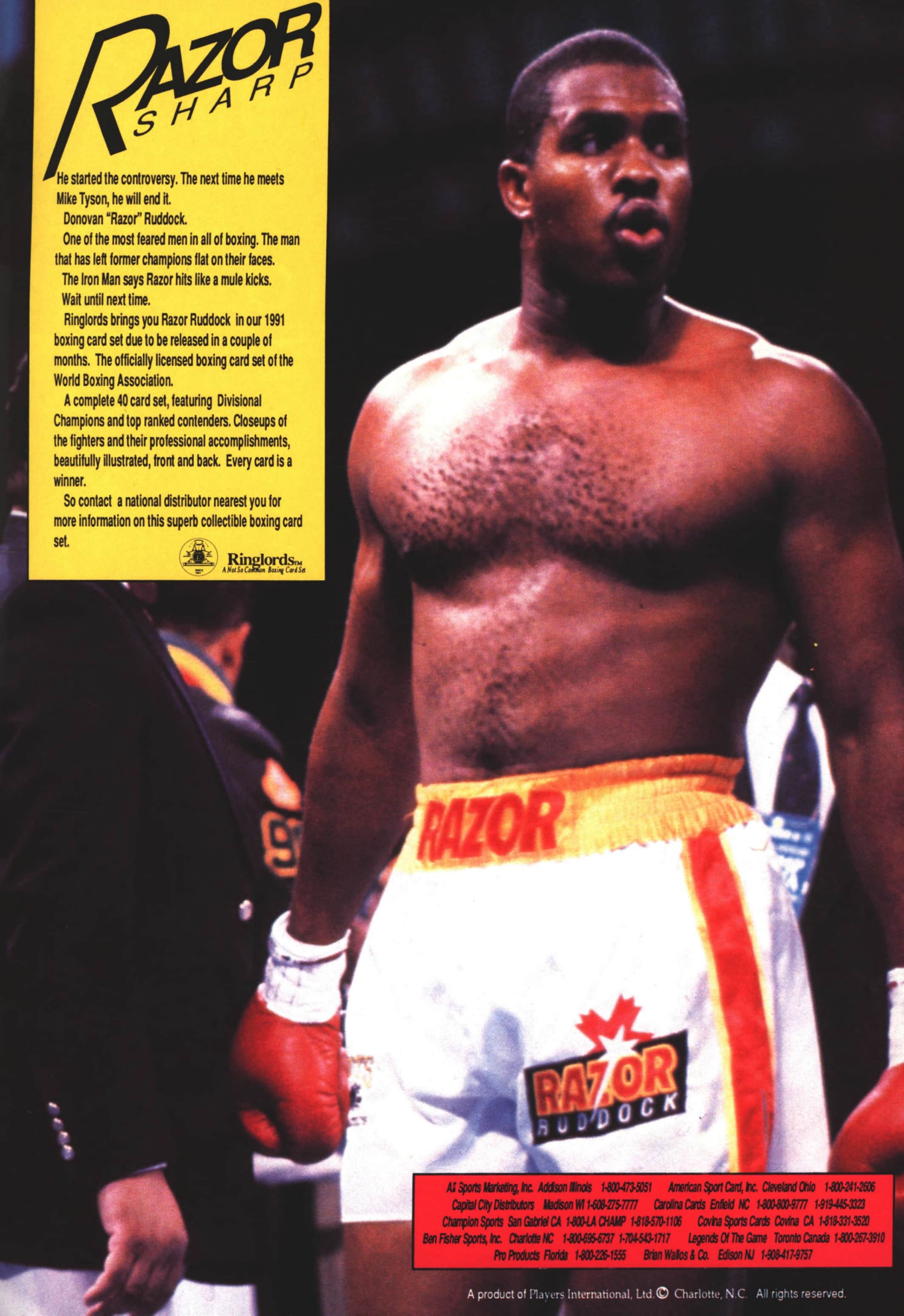




A legend is born: Big George knew he had reestablished himself as a star when he was invited to sit on Johnny Carson's couch (above left). In January 1990, a top-10 ranking was all but guaranteed when Foreman survived a shaky first round to kayo Gerry Cooney in two (left). In the first round, Big George absorbed Cooney's bruising hooks. From that point on, he dominated. Cooney had been inactive, but afterward, at least no one could argue that Foreman had beaten up another cruiserweight. Before challenging Evander Holyfield, Foreman demonstrated his unique training methods (above). He ate up the junk food, and the public ate up his act. It was Holyfield, however, who eventually secured the Burger King endorsement. Against Holyfield in April (below), Foreman remained a threat for all 12 rounds. He lost a decision at the Atlantic City Convention Center, but was cheered upon leaving the ring. Enhanced by huge pay-per-view revenues, Holyfield-Foreman was the largest-grossing fight in history.



Foreman is a winner again, as Don King is more than happy to acknowledge. Foreman plans to fight on and attempt to secure another try at the world title.



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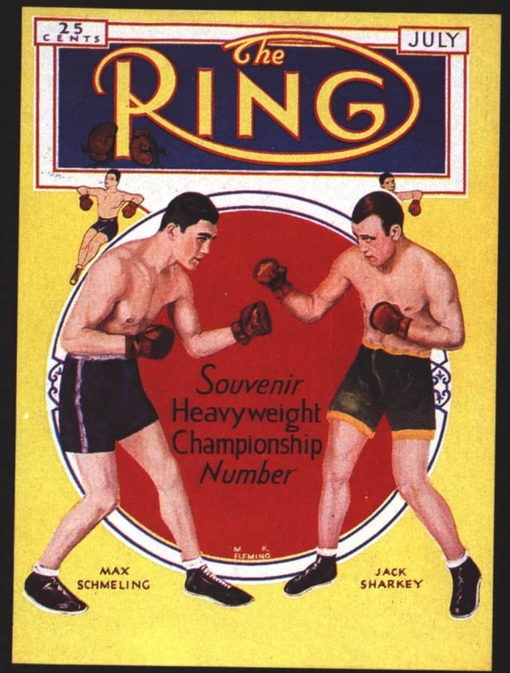
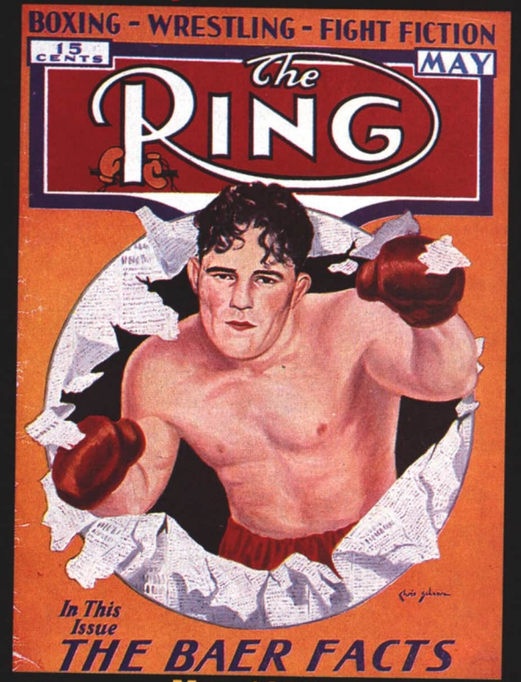
POWER PUNCHERS

They could deliver boxing's ultimate thrill . . .the knockout

Note: Names of the knockout hitters are in red type



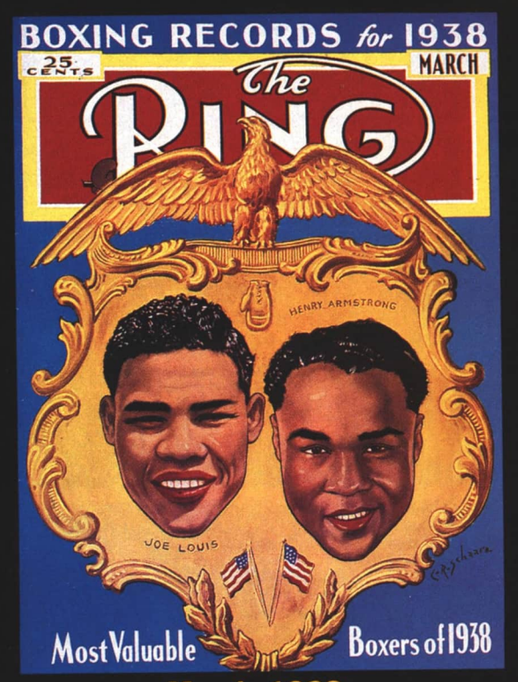
July 1932
Max Schmeling & Jack Sharkey



May 1933
Max Baer

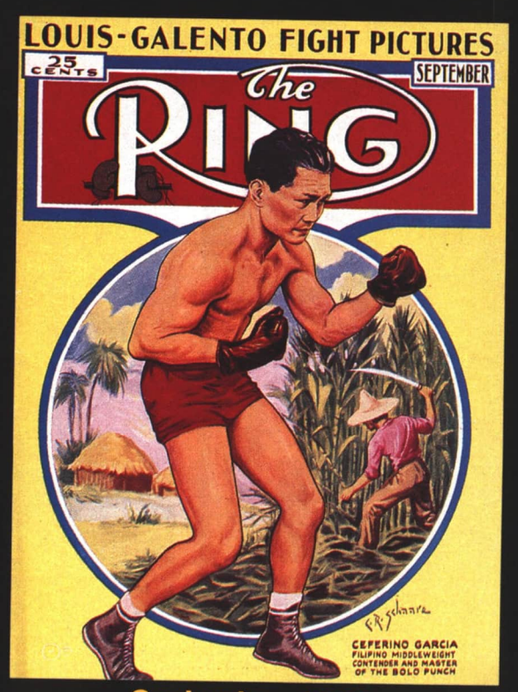
June 1934
Jimmy McLarnin & Barney Ross

February 1938
Freddie Steele, Benny Lynch, Henry Armstrong, Barney Ross, Tommy Farr, and Joe Louis

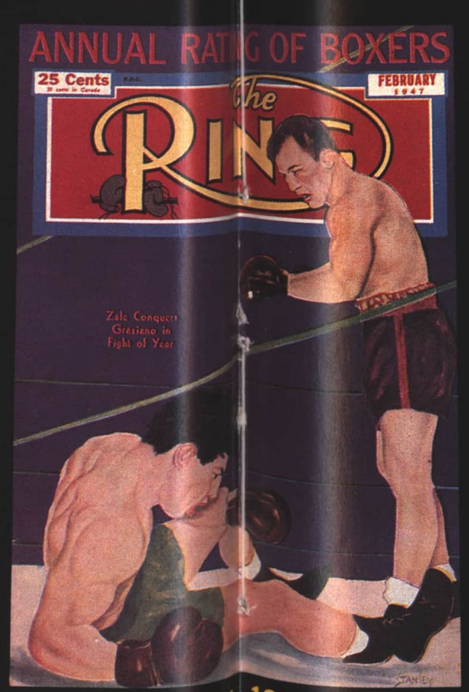


March 1939
Joe Louis & Henry Armstrong

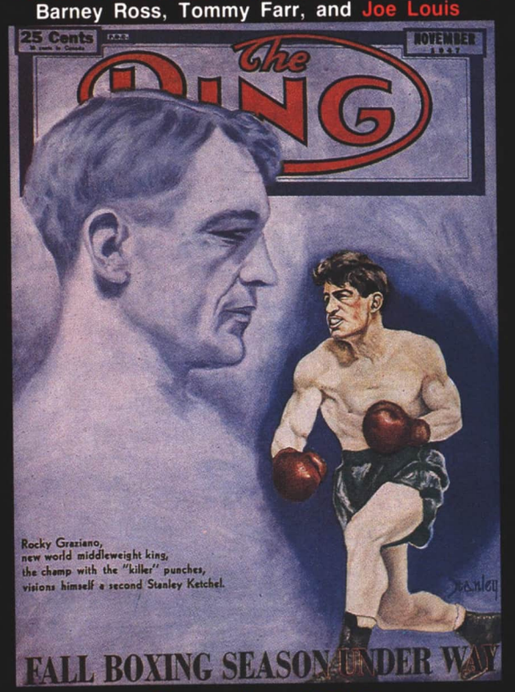
May 1939
Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, Tom Sharkey, and Jim Jeffries



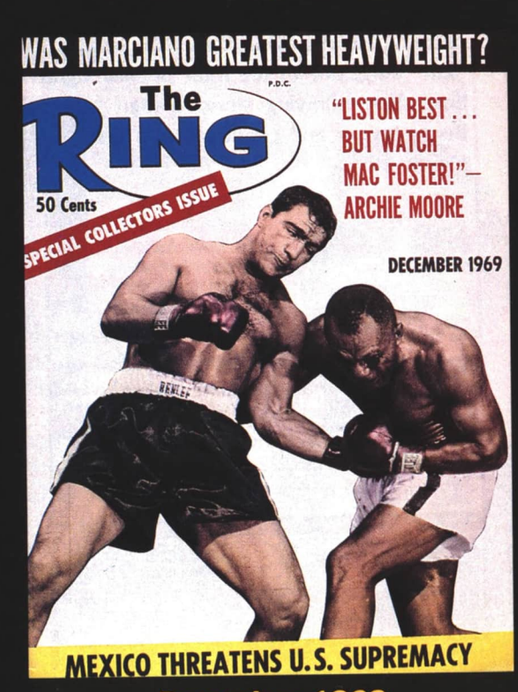
September 1939
Ceferino Garcia



February 1947
Rocky Graziano & Tony Zale



November 1947
Stanley Ketchel & Rocky Graziano



December 1969
Rocky Marciano & Jersey Joe Walcott

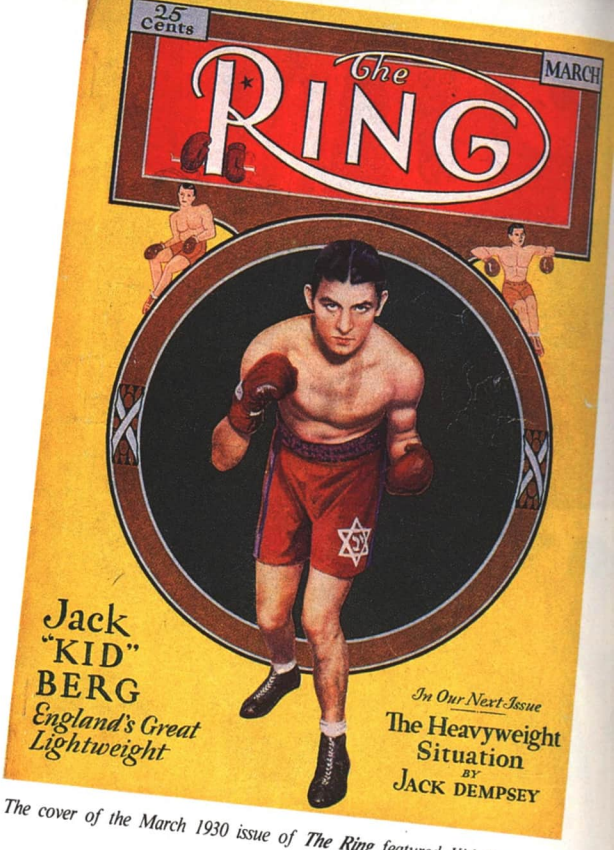
Jack (Kid) Berg
Boxer, 81

Jack (Kid) Berg of England, the world junior welterweight boxing champion for 14 months in 1930 and 1931 and a whirlwind puncher who was popular in the New York area throughout the 1930s, died on Monday in London. He was 81 years old. British newspapers reported that his death came after a long illness.

Born Judah Bergman, he began boxing in small arenas in London in 1923 and became the junior welterweight champion on February 18, 1930, when he knocked out Mushy Callahan, a fellow Englishman, in London. Berg lost his crown on April 24, 1931, to Tony Canzoneri, an American who scored a third-round knockout in Chicago. Berg also lost a 15-round decision for the world lightweight title to Canzoneri at the Polo Grounds on September 10, 1931.

His career ended in 1945 with a record of 157 victories in 192 fights, 57 of which he won by knockout.

—From *The New York Times*, April 24, 1991



The cover of the March 1930 issue of ***The Ring*** *featured Kid Berg.*

Jackie "KID" Berg:

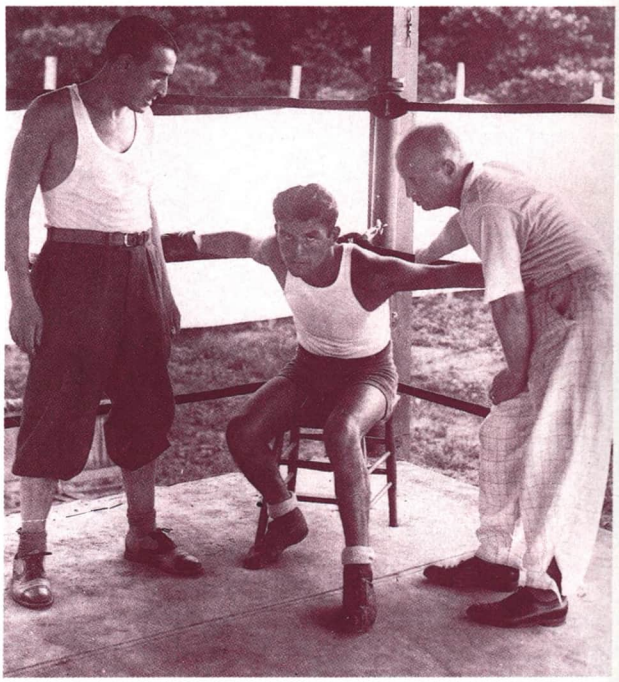
THE FACE OF AN ANGEL...

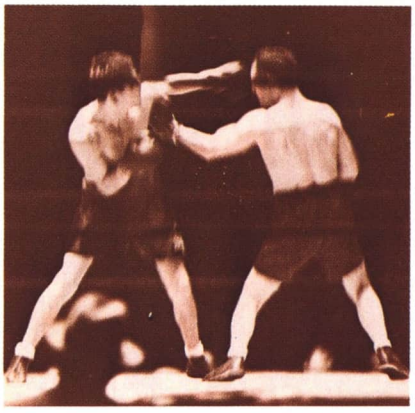
Editor's Note: On April 22, boxing lost Jack "Kid" Berg, one of the most popular fighters of all time. The following story, written by Ray Arcel, Berg's trainer and confidant, was first published in March 1956.

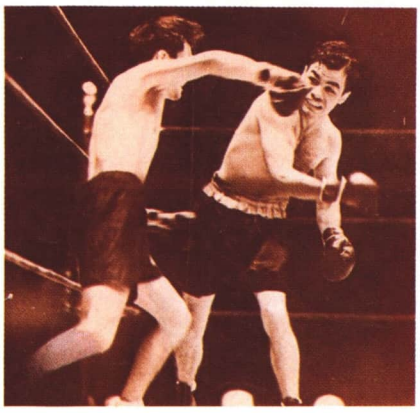
By Ray Arcel
(As told to Stanley Weston)

Stillman's place hummed with prosperity, and Lou was spitting tiny beads of saliva on the floor much faster than he does nowadays. Each time doorman Jack Curley rang up another two-bit admission, Lou would let go another spray, poke Jimmy Johnston playfully in the ribs, and grunt, "If things don't pick up pretty soon, I'm tearing this joint down and putting up a garage."

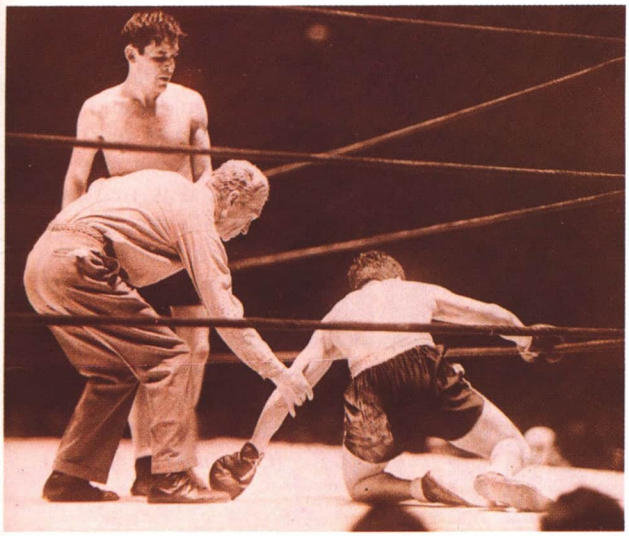
It was afternoon in . . . what, later April or early May 1928. I was cutting the hand bandages from a young heavyweight I trained at the time when somebody lets go a yell from the opposite side of the gym: "Telephone for Ray Arcel." I put down my scissors, wiped my hands dry, and walked over to the phone booth. "Ray," said the

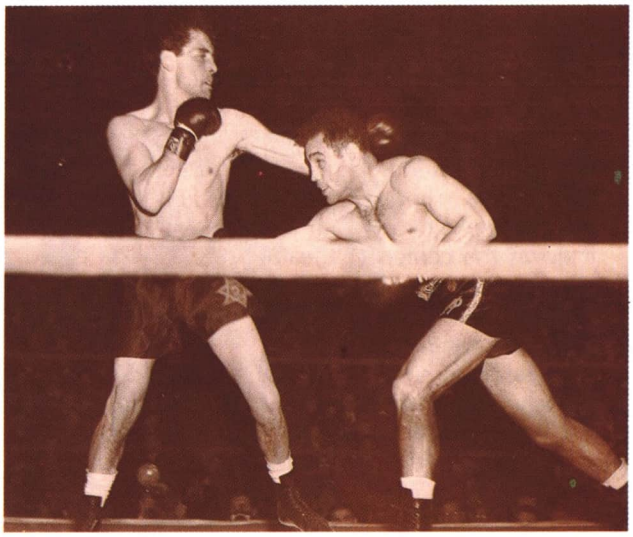






Berg snapped Kid Chocolate's long winning streak by capturing a close 15-round decision in July 1932 (above left). Berg jabs to the head of Billy Petrolle in October 1930 (above center). Berg won in a major upset. A blazing right travels toward the face of Tony Canzoneri during the January 1930 bout that Berg won via decision (above right). Despite scoring this early knockdown, Berg lost a close decision to Italy's Cleo Locatelli in January 1934 (below left). In March 1939, Berg couldn't hold off the relentless attack of Pedro Montanez and was stopped in the fifth round (below right).

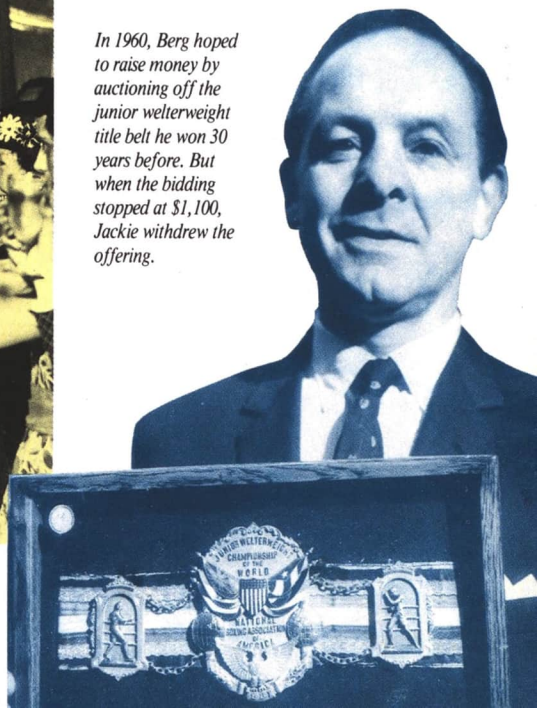


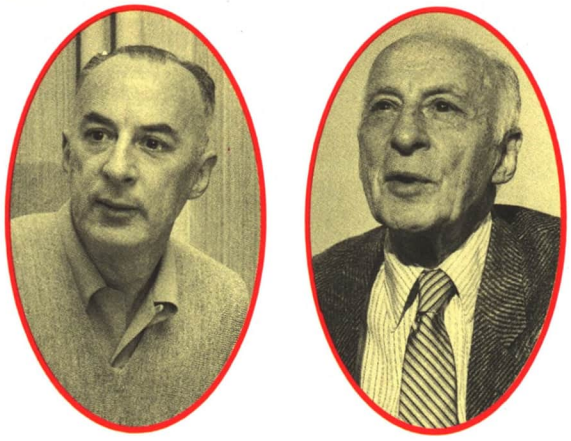


HE HEART OF A DEVIL... *AND ONE HELLUVA FIGHTER*

Berg with trainer Whitey Bimstein (leaning over) and co-manager Frankie Jacobs at his Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, training camp in June 1932 (opposite page, left). Berg and wife Betty were honored at a surprise party in London after his victory over Kid Chocolate (above).

In 1960, Berg hoped to raise money by auctioning off the junior welterweight title belt he won 30 years before. But when the bidding stopped at $1,100, Jackie withdrew the offering.





The legendary Ray Arcel when he recorded this story in 1965 (left) and in 1980 (right). "I really loved that Kid," he said of Jack Berg.

voice on the other end, "this is Goldie [fight manager Sol Gold]. Get over here to the Harding Hotel on 54th Street. There is someone I want you to meet."

Forty minutes later, Gold introduced me to a fragile, sleeky looking kid with brown saucer eyes and an infectious smile. His jet black hair was parted in the center and plastered down with grease. The top of his head looked like a smooth asphalt road with a white stripe splitting it down the center. His features were sharp cut. Classic. Perfect.

"Meet Jackie 'Kid' Berg from England," Goldie said, and we shook hands.

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Arcel," Berg said politely. "I'm glad to be in America."

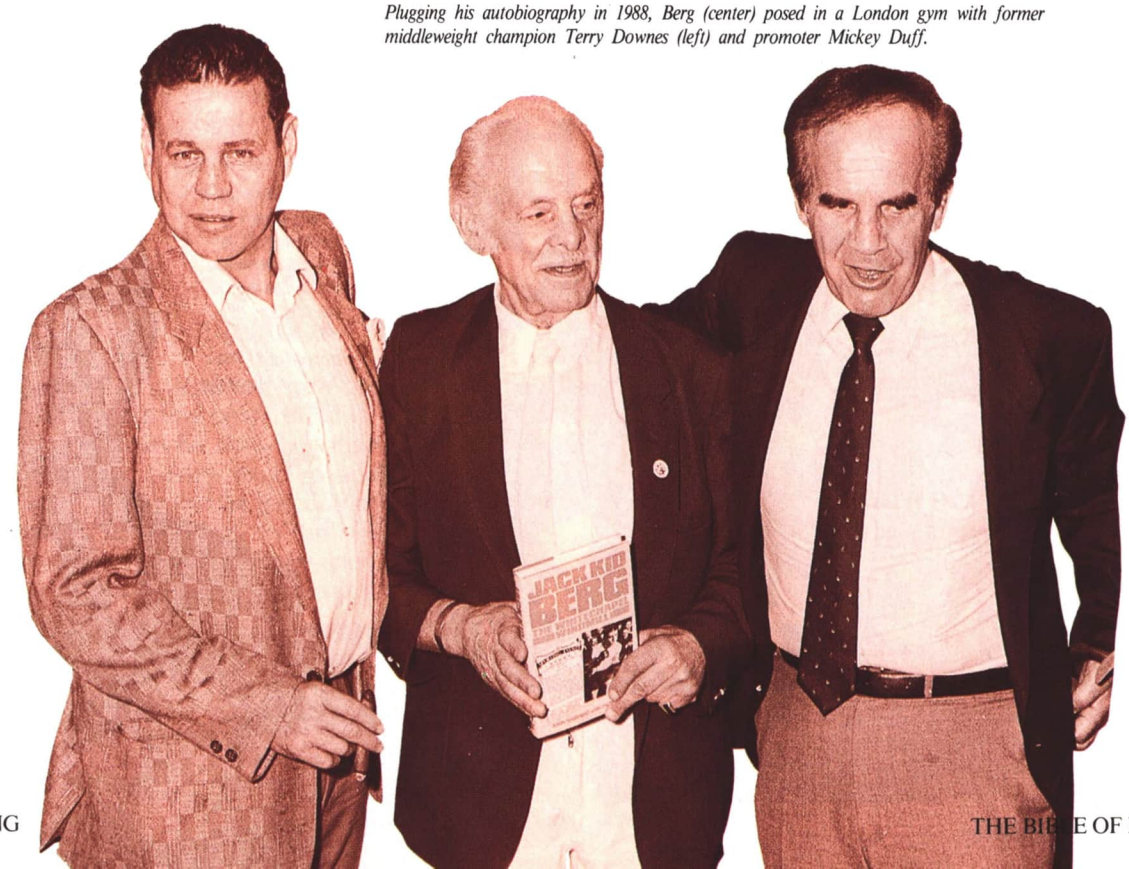
I had heard about Berg from Charley Harvey, who specialized in importing foreign boxers. Charley saw Jackie overwhelm Andre Routis and Harry Corbett on the other side, and he said of Berg, "he fights like no other Englishman I ever saw." I respected Harvey's opinion, but to me this stem of a boy looked like a kid playing hookey from grade school. He seemed so delicate, so young, so breakable. I couldn't visualize him in the ring with Canzoneri, Petrolle, Loayza—men who Goldie said he would try to get as opponents.

We had some lunch, but Berg didn't eat. He just stared out the window with a faraway look in his eyes. "How far is Times Square from here?" he wanted to know. "Where are the big movie houses, the night clubs, and the fluff?" I looked at Goldie suspiciously. But Sol didn't bat an eye. Just kept shoveling blintzes into his mouth. *Aha,* I thought to myself, *one of those wild guys. Sol knows I will find out the truth sooner or later and he is letting me draw my own conclusions. He will not commit himself.*

That was my first contact with "The Whitechapel Wonder," a fighter who would stand the critical American public on its ear and tear the hearts out of the toughest pugs on his side of the big pond. I came to love him as my own son. I took him into my home as a member of my family. I fussed over him like a mother hen. My wife idolized him and thought him the gentlest soul she ever knew. He used to go shopping with her—open the doors, carry the bundles, and put out the garbage. When he wanted to be—a gentlemen out of Emily Post. But on the loose—a wildman who made Harry Greb and

(Continued on page 61)

Plugging his autobiography in 1988, Berg (center) posed in a London gym with former middleweight champion Terry Downes (left) and promoter Mickey Duff.



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Preview of the Mercer-Morrison rumble

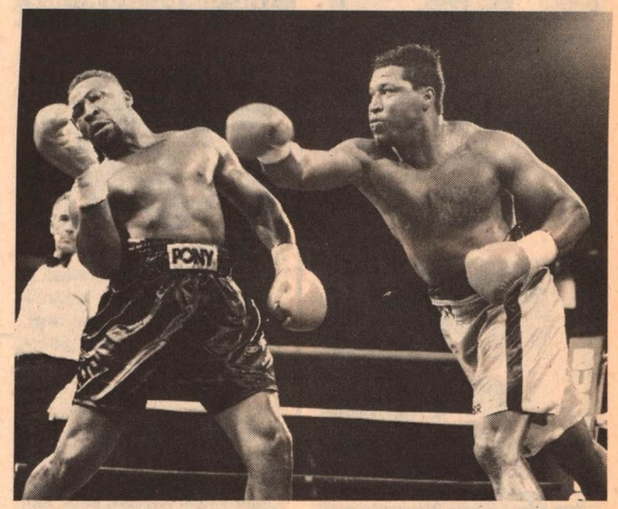
HEAVYWEIGHT *powerplay*

by Robert Cassidy

With blond locks and bronzed skin, Tommy Morrison exploded onto the celebrity scene like a left hook meeting an unguarded chin. His recognition factor, though, was attributed more to his starring role in *Rocky V* than his string of knockouts. Morrison became a star before becoming a legitimate heavyweight contender, cleverly using a movie lot, instead of the ring, to advance toward a title shot.

Morrison's power is authentic; his tan may be manufactured, but his left hook is not. Still, there is nothing to separate him from the fabricated contenders that are routinely churned out by the boxing industry. He has compiled a record of 27-0 (23) without facing a serious challenge.

(Continued on page 59)



Mercer's most demanding fight was a decision over Bert Cooper in August 1990 (above). Before punishing Russian southpaw Yuri Vaulin (below), Morrison was outboxed.

THE RING ALL-TIME COMPUTER TOURNAMENT

THIS MONTH: THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Boxing fans are forever debating the relative merits of the greatest champions in history. While ***The Ring's*** *exclusive computer tournaments aren't intended to answer all arguments, we're sure you'll find them entertaining—and as realistic as is possible.*

The idea is simple: Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood, working in conjunction with tournament adviser Patrick Premo and computer programmer Jim Trunzo, chooses and matches eight champions per division. Using the program he developed for Lance Haffner Games, Trunzo then runs the 15-round matchups through his computer.

Lance Haffner's TKO Professional Boxing Game is a computer simulation of the sport of boxing. The program runs in compiled basic and consists of several thousand lines of code. More than two dozen routines and subroutines cross-check such factors as ring position, the fighters' physical condition, accumulated damage, status of cuts, and special strategy, if any, that is used. In addition, almost 100 variables are constantly monitored during a given fight.

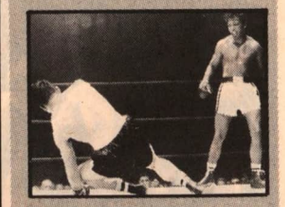
The fighters have been rated in more than 30 categories, including obvious ones, like defense, punching accuracy, strength of chin, hitting power, and ring generalship. Less obvious, but equally important areas, that are factored into each fight are ability to take punishment over the course of a fight, susceptibility to cuts, ability to counterpunch, relative ability to cope with different styles, and the level of competition faced during a career.

The rest is up to your imagination.

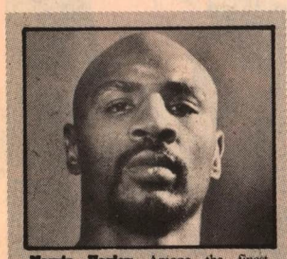
THE QUARTERFINALS

Sugar Ray Robinson: Real name: Walker Smith Jr. . . . At the top of most all-time pound-for-pound lists . . . Rose from welter after 3½-year title reign . . . Boxed fluidly and possessed one-punch kayo power . . . Won middle title a total of five times . . . Stopped Jake LaMotta in February 1951 to capture first crown . . . Record: 175-19-6 (110), with two no-contests.

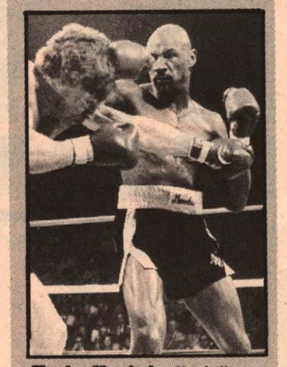
Tony Zale: Real name: Anthony Florian Zaleski . . . Nicknamed "The Man Of Steel" . . . Rugged and determined, and as savage a bodypuncher as any champion ever . . . Won NBA title, and then world crown, with victories over Al Hostak and Georgie Abrams, respectively . . . Won two of three battles vs. Rocky Graziano in legendary series . . . Record: 67-18-2 (45).



Robinson-Zale: Ten seconds in, Zale shockingly scores a knockdown with a hook. At close range, he is the master, but when Robinson dances, he dominates. In the fourth, jabs begin to close Zale's left eye; he seems to be disdaining defense. His chin holds up, however, and in the ninth, he drives Sugar Ray into the ropes with a thunderous right. Robinson holds, then moves to clear his head. In the 12th, a combo floors Zale, who is a one-eyed fighter. After seven unanswered blows, the referee jumps in at the 2:49 mark. Robinson is ahead on all cards. **Robinson by 12th-round TKO.**



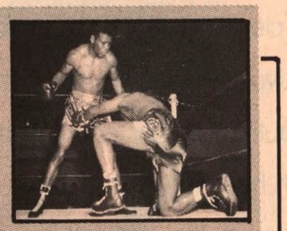
Marvin Hagler: Among the finest champions of the '80s . . . A southpaw with a warrior's mentality and the chin to back it up . . . Won title by butchering Alan Minter in September 1980 . . . Made 12 defenses before being outpointed by Ray Leonard . . . Among his victims: Bennie Briscoe, Roberto Duran, Thomas Hearns, and John Mugabi . . . Record: 62-3-2 (52).



Hagler-Ketchel: Ketchel's aggression allows Hagler to exhibit all his skills, and he counters with neat hooks. Ketchel aims for the body, then cuts his foe over the right eye. Hagler trades in the fifth and sixth, but the fighters don't hurt each other. Hagler seems tired in the ninth. A right cross, however, staggers Ketchel just before the bell. Hagler rushes from his corner in the 10th, and a similar right floors Ketchel. A three-punch combo brings the referee at the 2:51 mark, with Ketchel ahead on two cards and even on the third. **Hagler by 10th-round TKO.**

Stanley Ketchel: Nicknamed "The Michigan Assassin" . . . A natural puncher, and the most feared fighter of his era . . . Began first of two reigns by stopping Jack "Twin" Sullivan in May 1908 . . . Was kayoed after scoring a knockdown vs. heavyweight king Jack Johnson in October 1909 . . . Murdered in 1910 at age 24 . . . Record: 55-4-5 (49)

THE SEMIFINALS



Robinson-Hagler: Hagler confronts Robinson and initiates heavy trading. Robinson absorbs a beating over the first two rounds and falls behind. Sugar Ray's ability doesn't surface until the fifth, when he begins to string together combos. Robinson, however, suffers a cut over the left eye. In the sixth, a sneak right and a thunderous hook drop Hagler, who easily beats the count. Robinson narrows Hagler's lead in the seventh, eighth, and ninth, flashing fast hands and moving laterally. Hagler tries hard in the 10th, but finishes the round a spent fighter. He opens the 11th showing a split lower lip and a mouse under the right eye. A short right and a combination drop him again. Robinson swarms at the start of the 12th, and five unanswered bombs prompt the referee to step in. Robinson is narrowly ahead on all three cards. **Robinson by 12th-round TKO.**

THE FINAL

Robinson-Monzon: These may be the finalists, but their styles mesh like stripes and plaids. Each shows a healthy respect for the other, and by the third, the fans are booing. Neither offers much of a jab. Robinson's leads are rare, and Monzon's counters miss. Robinson accelerates in the fourth, bobbing and weaving to get inside. In the fifth he punishes Monzon with quick combinations from bell to bell, and the round is scored 10-8. Monzon rebounds in the seventh and eighth, finding success with uppercuts. But his accuracy remains below 50 percent. Monzon continues his rally into the ninth, but Robinson regains control with a booming hook. Early in the 10th, a right buckles Monzon's knees. Seconds later, a hook bloodies his mouth. Robinson, a classic finisher, offers no rest. Monzon is reeling when a right-left almost drops him. The kayo punch never arrives; the referee jumps in before Robinson can inflict further punishment. At the time of the stoppage, Sugar Ray leads by three scores of 86-85. **The winner and champion by 10th-round TKO is Sugar Ray Robinson.**

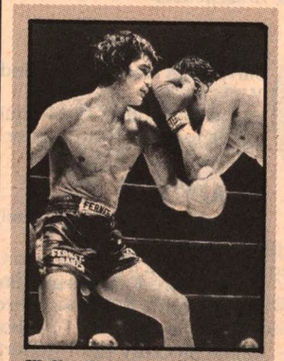
NEXT MONTH: THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

THE BIBLE OF BOXING

THE FINAL

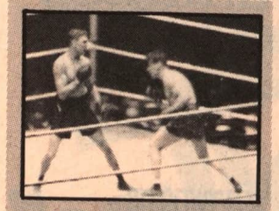
THE SEMIFINALS

Greb-Monzon: The Argentine is uncharacteristically aggressive from the start. In the second, he drops Greb with his first punch, a lead hook. Greb is clearly hurt and survives until the bell by grabbing. By the fifth, Greb has managed to work inside of Monzon's long arms. He pummels the body and establishes his role as the hunter. The middle rounds are close, with both middleweights waiting for openings that fail to materialize. In the 10th, however, they willingly trade. Still, the action is even. Greb breaks through in the 13th, stunning Monzon with an uppercut and cutting him badly under the left eye. Monzon counters strongly in the 14th and 15th, as Greb is wide with most of his blows. At the final bell, both fighters raise their arms in victory. The scoring: 142-142, 142-141, and 143-142. **Monzon by majority decision.**



Walker-Monzon: The slow-starting Monzon allows Walker to take the first two rounds. Monzon trades in the fourth, buckling the Bulldog's knees with a cross. The fifth through 11th are all close, with Monzon jabbing and Walker firing in combos. Walker is stunned in the 12th, but rebounds strongly, bloodying Monzon's nose and landing often in the 14th. Monzon, sensing the need for a big finish, cuts Walker above the right eye in the final round and almost scores a kayo. Scoring: 144-142 for Walker, and 143-142 and 142-141 for Monzon. **Monzon by split decision.**

THE QUARTERFINALS



LaMotta-Greb: The pace sizzles. LaMotta is unsuccessful in trying to bully Greb, though he lands often to the body. Greb, however, is slicker, and scores with most of his big punches. In the middle rounds, Greb gains an edge by constantly changing angles. In the seventh, LaMotta loses a point for low blows. He brawls in the 10th, but Greb rallies, coming forward for the first time. Aware that he needs a kayo, LaMotta accelerates in the 12th, and again in the 15th, but his foe's chin proves as dependable as his. Scoring: 145-141, 145-140, and 145-142. **Greb by unanimous decision.**

Jake LaMotta: Only 5'8" and often had trouble making weight . . . Flaunted a rock-hard chin . . . Waited for title try, and threw a fight to finally get it . . . Won crown by stopping Marcel Cerdan in June 1949 . . . Made two defenses, including come-from-behind stoppage of Laurent Dauthuille, before losing to Ray Robinson . . . Record: 83-19-4 (30).

Harry Greb: Nicknamed "The Human Windmill" . . . Never stopped punching . . . Only fighter to have defeated Gene Tunney, and also topped Tommy Loughran . . . Won title by decisioning Johnny Wilson in August 1923 . . . Made six defenses, including one over Mickey Walker, before losing to Tiger Flowers . . . Died in 1926 at age 30 . . . Record: 264-23-12 (49).

Mickey Walker: Nicknamed "The Toy Bulldog," and fought accordingly . . . Won welter and middle titles, twice fought for light heavy crown, and held future heavyweight champ Jack Sharkey to 15-round draw . . . Won crown by outpointing Tiger Flowers in December 1926 . . . Made three defenses . . . Record: 125-21-4 (61), with 22 no-decisions and one no-contest.

Carlos Monzon: Greatest fighter in South American history, and only non-American tournament entry . . . Holds division record of 14 successful defenses . . . Went undefeated over last 81 bouts . . . Tall (6'0"), and crossed with crunching right hand . . . Won title by stopping Nino Benvenuti in November 1970 . . . Record: 89-3-8 (61), with one no-contest.

Summary

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Tony Tucker KO 1 James Ray Thomas
Pierre Coetzer W 10 Jose Ribalta
Orlin Norris KO 1 Lionel Washington
Bonecrusher Smith KO 1 Poncho Carter
Derek Williams KO 2 Jimmy Thunder
Art Tucker KO 5 J.B. Williamson
Markus Bott W 10 Ralf Rocchigiani

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Alfred Cole W 12 Nate Miller
Tony Willis KO 2 Bokkie Buys

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Ed Mack KO 8 Booker Word
Andrew Maynard KO 12 Govoner Chavers
Anthony Hembrick D 10 Mike Sedillo
Anthony Hembrick KO 1 James Mullins
Anthony Hembrick KO 2 Rusty Rosenberger
Leeonzer Barber KO 6 Tom Collins
Ramzi Hassan W 10 Ivan Rukavina
Eric Nicoletta KO 5 Mike Peak

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Darrin Van Horn KO 11 Lindell Holmes
(Wins IBF Title)
Tony Thornton W 10 Merqui Sosa
Dan Schommer W 10 Lester Yarbrough

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
James Toney KO 11 Michael Nunn
(Wins IBF Title)
James Toney KO 5 Alberto Gonzalez
Steve Collins KO 3 Kenny Snow
Chris Eubank KO 6 Gary Stretch
Michael Watson KO 1 Anthony Brown
Milton McCrory KO 1 Robert Curry
Lamar Parks W 10 Brinatty Maquilon
Tony Montgomery W 10 Jerome Kelly
Thomas Tate W 10 Robert Carson

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Gilbert Dele W 12 Jun Sok Hwang
(Retains WBA Title)
John David Jackson W 10 Joaquin Velasquez
Jorge Vaca W 10 Quincy Taylor
Lloyd Honeyghan KO 2 Darryl Anthony
Brett Lally KO 6 Willie Montana
Gregory Clarke KO 11 Charles Oosthuizen
Stephen Martinez KO 5 Miguel Hernandez

WELTERWEIGHTS
Carl Daniels KO 3 Robert Vasquez
Donovan Boucher KO 9 Kirkland Laing
Kenny Gould KO 6 Jorge Hernandez
Kenny Gould KO 5 Marvin Ladson

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Julio Cesar Chavez KO 4 Tommy Small
(Non-Title Bout)
Hector Camacho W 12 Greg Haugen
Roger Mayweather W 10 Alberto Alcaraz
Terrence Alli W 12 Charles Murray
Terrence Alli KO 8 Jerry Smith
Charles Murray KO 6 Bernard Gray
Juan Coggi KO 5 Ricardo Espinosa
Harold Brazier KO 4 Daryl Miller
Anthony Jones KO 2 Javier Varela
Pat Barrett KO 6 Mark McCreath
Freddie Pendleton KO 1 Joe Rivera
Oba Carr KO 4 Juan Carlos Nunez
Frankie Randall W 8 Rodolfo Aguilar
Tony Martin W 10 Micky Ward
David Kamau KO 2 Martin Quiroz
Frankie Baltazar KO 8 Mario Solorio

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Sharmba Mitchell KO 2 Darryl Richardson
Ed Parker D 10 Aladin Stevens
Carl Crook KO 10 Najib Daho
Antonio Renzo KO 7 Steve Boyle
Kelcie Banks W 10 Marco Antonio Ramirez
Todd Foster W 10 Oscar Lopez
Shane Knox W 10 Dindo Canoy
Eugene Speed W 10 Kevin Marston

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Joey Gamache KO 6 Verdell Smith
Bernard Taylor KO 1 Eddie Richardson
Thunder Aryeh KO 2 Mark Reefer
Pedro Arroyo W 10 Nelson Rodriguez
Jacobin Yoma KO 8 Rudolfo Cristino
Sugar Gibiliru KO 9 Robert Dickie

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Rafael Ruelas KO 1 Fernando Teran
Maurizio Stecca KO 5 Juan Armando Reyes
Eloy Rojas KO 1 Argencio Pacheco

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Luis Mendoza W 12 Carlos Uribe
(Retains WBA Title)
Jemal Hinton KO 2 Alfredo Torres
Daniel Zaragoza W 10 Moi Hernandez
Mike Ayala W 10 Lee Cargle

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Orlando Canizales KO 8 Billy Hardy
(Retains IBF Title)
Thierry Jacob W 12 Vincenzo Belcastro
Joel Luna Zarate W 10 Juan Polo Perez
Junior Jones W 10 Jose Luis Vegagil
Ray Minus W 10 Job Walters

FLYWEIGHTS
Dave McAuley W 12 Pedro Feliciano
(Retains IBF Title)
Julio Gudino W 12 Jesus Rojas
Ismael Rodriguez KO 8 Isidro Perez
Yun Un Chin KO 5 Veerachai Vongprasert

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Michael Carbajal W 12 Hector Luis Patri
(Retains IBF Title)
Myung Woo Yuh KO 10 Kajkong Danphoothai
(Retains WBA Title)

STRAWWEIGHTS
Ricardo Lopez KO 8 Kimio Hirano
(Retains WBC Title)
Ala Villamor W 10 In Kyu Hwang

If you can answer the following questions, you could be the next

$500 winner

Actual questions

Which boxer did not win an Olympic gold medal?
1) Muhammad Ali
2) Joe Frazier
3) George Foreman
4) Mike Tyson

What was Rocky Marciano's professional record?
1) 49-0
2) 27-4
3) 87-0
4) 56-9

The movie based on the life of Jake LaMotta is:
1) Somebody Up There Likes Me
2) Rocky
3) Raging Bull
4) The Great White Hope

Which city hosted the Mike Tyson vs. Buster Douglas fight?
1) Tokyo
2) Las Vegas
3) Atlantic City
4) London

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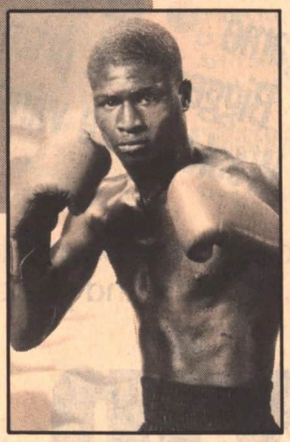
Ringside Reports

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



Before winning the IBF middleweight title, Toney was familiar only to cable-TV boxing fans. Sometimes he was referred to as Andrew Toney, who played pro basketball, and sometimes as Cedric Toney, who plays pro football. But after scoring one of the biggest upsets of the year, the newly crowned champion can claim that as far as the Toneys go, he's second to none.

Toney was far behind on points when he felled Michael Nunn with the kind of Hollywood hook that makes for happy endings. His victory served as a Mother's Day gift for the two women in his life, his mother, Sherry Toney, and his manager, Jackie Kallen.

Sometimes a box of chocolates just won't do.

James Toney

Orlando Canizales KO 8 Billy Hardy,

Laredo, Texas—In the eighth round at the Laredo Civic Center, hometown hero Canizales hooked, British challenger Hardy hit the floor hard, and a flood of memories flashed in an instant. Eleven years before, in a bantamweight title fight in Los Angeles, champion Lupe Pintor punished Welsh challenger Johnny Owen and, in the 12th round, finished him with a crushing right. Owen was unconscious before he hit the floor. He was carried from the ring on a stretcher, underwent brain surgery, and died after spending 45 days in a coma.

Like Owen, Hardy's toughness belied his frail appearance. Like Owen, his round ears stuck out from the sides of his head. Like Owen, he absorbed a considerable beating thousands of miles from home. And like Owen, after being kayoed, he lay very still.

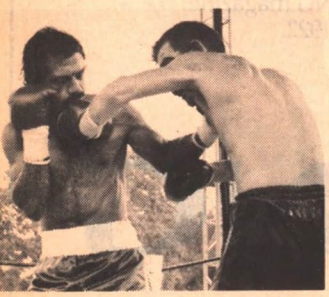
But unlike Owen, Hardy will fight another day.

A short time after being downed, Hardy regained his senses, sat on his stool, and talked of a third try at the title.

That IBF 118-pound king Canizales boxed magnificently wasn't a surprise; he has established himself as the finest bantamweight in the world. That he dominated a fighter who had extended him to a split 12-round decision only 16 months earlier, however, was indicative of how the 25-year-old Texan continues to improve.

After a quiet first round, Canizales, 118, Laredo, 28-1-1 (23), took over. A pair of rights staggered Hardy in the second, and less than 30 seconds into the third, a counter cross drove him down. From that point on, whether Hardy forced the action or backtracked, he looked a beaten fighter. Cleverly shifting his feet, Canizales constantly changed punching angles and scored as he pleased.

Ever busy, Hardy, 118, Sunderland, England, 25-6-1 (13), rallied in the sixth and seventh, but Canizales began the eighth with a rush and scored his kayo at the 1:08 mark.
(4-5-91)

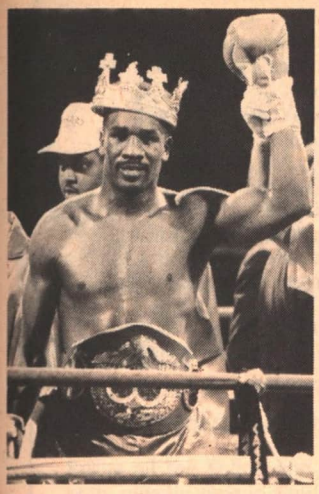


Canizales and Hardy trade lefts

Prince Charles Williams KO 2 James Kinchen,

Atlantic City, New Jersey—The major promoters constantly put forth the excuse that there isn't enough available money to make the best fights in each division. Yet there always seems to be enough money to make matches such as this, with Williams defending the IBF light heavyweight title for the sixth time. Kinchen had distinguished himself by lasting less than a round in a try for Virgil Hill's piece of the crown, no doubt setting up a public clamor to see him against Williams.

Ludicrous pretensions to championships aside, the fight served only to showcase The Prince's skills. An exuberant fighter who gets caught up in the excitement he generates when things are going well, Williams, 174, Mansfield, Ohio, seemed impressed by his own quick success. In contrast, Kinchen, 175, San



The Prince remains king

Diego, likes to be coy. That proved a paper defense against the rapid-firing Williams. With legs gone after a 12-year career, the challenger couldn't slip punches quickly enough and was forced into trading. Not a good idea. The Prince's assault was a gathering storm that soon had the challenger doubled over at close quarters, hands brought down to protect against a body barrage.

A short hook sent a shudder through Kinchen's body, and as he attempted to escape straight backward, a glancing right uppercut dropped him onto his back. Arising and propping himself against the ropes, the challenger absorbed a furious assault for the brief remainder of the round. Had he chosen to, referee Frank Cappuccino could have stepped in.

Allowed out for the second, Kinchen, 48-8-2 (33), was unable to escape his own corner. Williams, 30-4-2 (21), pinned him on the strands, snapping his head back over the ropes with booming rights. Cappuccino stopped the scheduled 12-rounder at the 23-second mark.

"I was expecting any and everything from Prince Charles," Kinchen said, "but I felt that he was sort of a slow starter. When he jumped out like that, it kinda got me a little bit."

(4-20-91)

J.R. Jowett

Marcos Villasana KO 6 Rafael Zuniga,

Mexico City, Mexico—Most observers have figured that the 30-year-old Villasana, who was given five title tries before winning the featherweight crown, is nothing more than the pet project of the Mexico-based WBC. But since winning the WBC title in June 1990, the Acapulco native has proven that his ring skills and heart have been underrated. His second title defense, a stoppage of unbeaten Colombian Zuniga at 2:08 of round six, was further evidence.

This was Villasana's first bout in Mexico's capital since 1983, and a near-capacity crowd of 6,000 cheered him on at the venerable Arena Coliseo. Zuniga, 24-1-2 (15), a southpaw, didn't trouble Villasana at all, and the champion scored from the outset to the head and body. Villasana lost a point for punching low in round three and was warned throughout by referee Vince Delgado to keep his punches up. He also suffered a cut on his left cheek in the fourth, but the challenger never threatened to win.

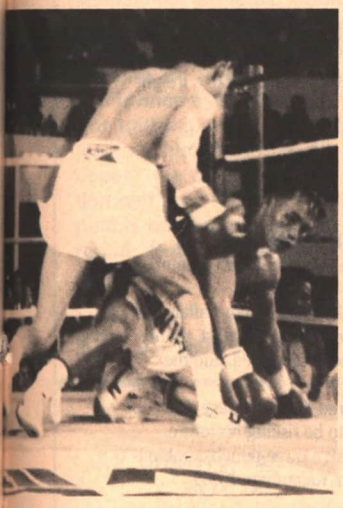
In the fifth, Villasana, barely missing with his rights, switched to a body attack and weakened the Colombian. In the sixth, three hooks to the head drove Zuniga to the ropes, and Villasana opened up with nearly a dozen blows before Delgado stepped in.

"He certainly punched hard, especially with his right hand," Villasana said afterward, "but it was very unlikely that he was going to win by knockout. If Azumah Nelson, Jeff Fenech, and Antonio Esparragoza weren't able to do it against me, the Colombian didn't stand much chance."

It is anticipated that Villasana's next defense will be against Briton Paul Hodkinson, whom he kayoed to win the title.

(4-11-91)

Bruce Williams



Yuh downs Danphoothai

Myung Woo Yuh KO 10 Kajkong Danphoothai,

Masan, South Korea—Yuh, 108, registered his 17th defense of the WBA junior flyweight title, dropping Thai lefty Danphoothai, 108, four times en route to a TKO victory at 2:06 of the 10th round at the Masan Indoor Gymnasium.

Yuh cautiously probed in the first round, and then floored the awkward and sturdy challenger in the second with a quick hook. Yuh became the aggressor in the third and fourth, putting together his signature combinations. He wasn't as sharp as usual, but he easily averted the Thai's blows.

A flurry felled Danphoothai for a second time in the fifth; he beat the count just as the bell sounded. Yuh attacked throughout the sixth and scored knockdown number three in the seventh. Danphoothai remained stubborn, and after Yuh rested in the eighth and ninth, the Korean champion finished his performance in the 10th. A barrage produced the fourth knockdown, and though Danphoothai again rose, he was helpless, and referee Ken Morita stepped in.

At the time of the stoppage, Yuh was ahead by scores of 89-80 (Oscar Perez), 89-78 (Manny Pinol), and 89-79 (Kazumasa Kuwata). Yuh is scheduled to make a voluntary defense and then meet the mandatory challenger, former WBC strawweight titlist Hiroki Ioka. The champion's promoter, Thomas Kim, will likely struggle to find an opponent for the voluntary defense; no one wants to fight Yuh.

(4-28-91)

Joe Koizumi

Khaosai Galaxy KO 5 Jae Suk Park,

Samut Songkram Province, Thailand—In one of the easiest defenses of his 6½-year career, WBA junior bantamweight champion Galaxy, 115, twice dropped fellow southpaw Park, 113, and scored a TKO at 2:30 of round five. It was the Thai's 17th defense.

Korea's Park, 28, had entered the ratings by defeating Isidro Perez in 1989, but he is a blown-up flyweight and lacked the power to deal with Galaxy. The 31-year-old champion was aggressive from the start. Park, 14-3 (5), tried to keep him away with a steady jab and protect himself with a high guard, but Galaxy powered his way through, firing to the head and body. Midway through the third, a double-left floored Park, who gamely beat the count. But he was again dropped in the fourth, when Galaxy was first to land in a trade of lefts. When the bout became one-sided in the fifth, referee Kazunobu Asao intervened. Galaxy, 47-1 (42), was well ahead at the time of the stoppage.

Earlier this year, Galaxy married his Japanese sweetheart, Yumiko Ota, and he looks forward to leaving the ring.

"I'd like to retire after the 19th defense, and by the end of the year," he said.

Defense number 18 will come in July against number-one contender David Griman Mendez, a tall speedster from Venezuela. Mendez is a definite threat, but the belief here is that he can run but not hide from the Thai monster.

(4-7-91)

Joe Koizumi

(Continued on page 54)

Carbajal went to the body

Michael Carbajal W 12 Hector Luis Patri,

Davenport, Iowa—Junior flyweights in Iowa? Build a fight card and they will come.

On the undercard of the Nunn-Toney title fight at John O'Donnell Stadium, IBF 108-pound champion Carbajal made his fourth defense. For Argentine challenger Patri, who had registered six kayos in 74 bouts, the minor league ballpark that served as the fight site was a field of dreams.

The 34-year-old Patri, shoehorned into the ratings when Domingo Sosa, Carbajal's original opponent, backed out with an injury, offered questionable credentials. He was riding a 13-bout win streak, but during one stretch in the mid-'80s, triumphed in only two of 13 bouts.

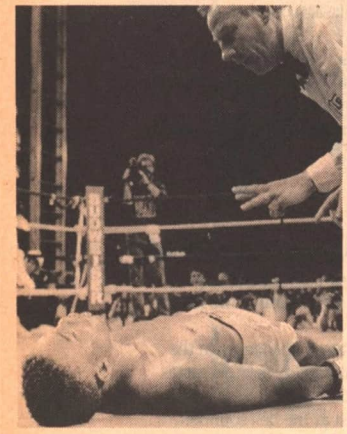
The Argentine, listed as two inches shorter than the 5'5" champion, but seemingly much smaller, opened in his survival mode and stayed there until well behind on points. Carbajal, 106½, Phoenix, Arizona, 21-0 (13), was sharp over the first six rounds, chasing his reluctant foe and pounding the body whenever he could reach him. Patri, 107, 41-23-11 (6), punched freely over the second half of the bout, but couldn't move Carbajal. There was never a threat of a kayo—Patri has been stopped only once, on cuts—but even less a threat of an upset.

The scoring, 120-108 (Harry Davis), and 119-109 twice (Nelson Vasquez and Howard Richey), was indicative of Carbajal's dominance. He averaged 76 punches a round, and in total, landed 330 more blows than Patri.

The referee was James Reilly.

Carbajal is scheduled to return home for his next defense, vs. Sosa on the campus of Arizona State University.

(5-10-91)



Lights out for Nunn

James Toney KO 11 Michael Nunn,

Davenport, Iowa—For seven rounds, it seemed that defending IBF middleweight champion Nunn had saved his best for the home folks. Performing before his neighbors for the first time as a champion, the southpaw, 160, boxed neatly against 22-year-old challenger Toney, 157, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Better yet, Nunn was *fighting*. Hitting without being hit. Moving forward, not just backward. Jabbing to score, but also hooking and crossing to punish. As the rounds mounted, the memories of his dull and disappointing defenses against Iran Barkley and Marlon Starling began to fade.

In the seventh, however, the eager Toney, 26-0-1 (19), began to connect with single rights. The challenger kept his poise and continued to set a demanding pace, and by the 11th, Nunn was somewhat fatigued. No matter; ahead by scores of 99-91 (Robert Watson), 97-93 (Gary Merritt), and 98-92 (Dalby Shirley), the champion remained safe. Unless . . .

Despite the pleas of cornerman Angelo Dundee to utilize his advantages ("I want speed; give it to me!"), Nunn, 36-1 (24), couldn't get out of the way. Toney finished the ninth with two big rights and chased Nunn in the 10th before landing again. Then, 1:10 into the 11th, Nunn dropped his right glove as he started a left uppercut. Toney countered with a hook to the point of the chin, and the champion dropped dramatically. He rose on unsteady legs at referee Denny Nelson's count of nine, but after a right turned him around, and another right felled him again, the bout was stopped. (Nunn's corner tossed a towel of surrender into the ring just as Nelson intervened.) The time of the stoppage was 2:14.

"I dropped my hands and he caught me," Nunn said. "He really fought a good fight. He took some good shots."

"After the fifth round," Toney said, "I told my trainer, Bill Miller, 'He's tired. He's breathing like a freight train. I got him.' "

Toney also got $50,000, while Nunn earned $500,000.

Toney's first defense will come against powerpunching Briton Nigel Benn.

(5-10-91)

Mike McCallum W 12 Sumbu Kalambay,

Monte Carlo—It's not often that a rematch is more entertaining than the original, but McCallum-Kalambay II turned into one of the most intriguing middleweight title fights in years.

In March 1988, then-WBA 160-pound champion Kalambay outpointed McCallum in a tedious affair that saw Kalambay circle and McCallum chase. This time, with McCallum as the defending WBA titlist, there was less motion and more combat. McCallum again made the fight, but Kalambay responded, and the veterans took turns exhibiting top-of-the-line skills.

Perhaps a sense or urgency provided added motivatation. Both fighters entered the ring at age 34 (Kalambay has since turned 35), and, George Foreman aside, the loser seemed to be risking his future.

McCallum, 159½, Brooklyn, New York, 40-1 (33), started strongly, scoring with a three-punch combination seconds after the opening bell, and adding a left uppercut later in the round. Kalambay, 159½, Chiaravalle, Italy, 51-5-1 (30), countered with precision, but clearly fell behind.

The challenger began his stand in the seventh, when a right rid McCallum of his gumshield. A hook in the eighth further unsettled the champion and prompted an extended exchange of power blows. Kalambay jabbed well in the ninth, and by round's end, McCallum's lead was almost gone. His efforts over the final three rounds, however, was sufficient for victory, albeit by the slimmest of margins.

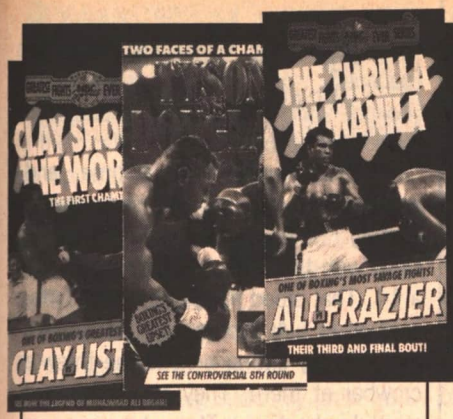
Late in the 11th, another trade favored McCallum. But in the busy 12th, fought with nothing but heart, Kalambay rallied once more. At the final bell, it was the challenger who raised his arms to the crowd.

The scoring seemed a bit generous to Kalambay, whose fast hands couldn't compensate for his lack of power. Panama's Orlando Sam saw it 115-114 for Kalambay, while Spain's Justo Vasquez and Venezuela's Fernando Viso had McCallum ahead, 116-115 and 116-114, respectively.

Despite the ages of these warriors, McCallum-Kalambay III is not that far-fetched. As of the WBA's April ratings, McCallum's mandatory defense will come against Reggie Johnson, who will reportedly challenge newly crowned IBF champion James Toney later this year. As we went to press, the number-two contender, Dennis Milton, was scheduled to face WBC champion Julian Jackson. The third-ranked middleweight is Toney, who, because of his new status, will no longer be rated by the WBA. That makes Kalambay, ranked fourth, the leading available contender.

The Seniors Tour marches on. ■

(4-1-91)



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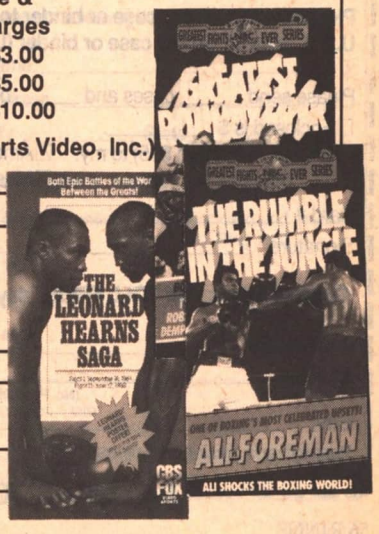

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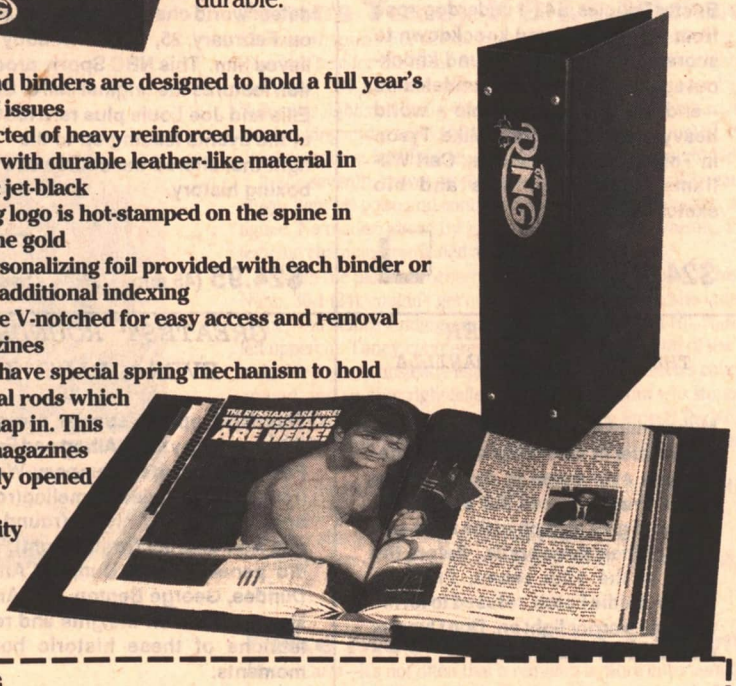

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Alex Garcia

(Continued from page 27)

"We were cruising one time, and another car got next to us," Garcia relates, "and they were throwing us signs with their hands, making a C and a 14. That stood for Clanton and 14th, a street in L.A. Words were exchanged, and the guy sitting next to me threw a crowbar at them. They chased us and started shooting. They hit our car twice, but we got away without getting hit ourselves."

When Garcia was 17, he and the Locos went to a "sweet 16" party for one of the gang members' sisters at a dance hall in nearby Glendale. Just as the party was ending, someone ran inside to say that one of the Locos' cars was being vandalized and that a gang was fighting with a Loco.

"I went outside, and there were four carloads of Glendale guys," Garcia recalls. "A big fight broke out. There were people fighting all over. Then one of their guys got stabbed and died. We went home, and two weeks later the police came to my house and arrested me. We had to bring an invitation to the party to get in, and they tracked everyone down from the addresses on it. Somebody told them I did it."

On the advice of his attorney, Garcia pleaded guilty to felony manslaughter and was sentenced to six years in prison. (He'd serve five.) He'll never forget his first impression of San Quentin.

"The bus drove up, and it looked real nice, like a castle," he says. "It was kept up, and painted, and the lawn looked real clean. But when we drove around the back, it was dirt, rundown, all old brick. There were inmates back there. It was real depressing."

No, he only *thought* it was depressing. Real depression was still to come. He spent the next five years in San Quentin, Chino, and Soledad, the triple-frown of the California penal system. One of the realities of prison life he quickly learned was that unlike on the streets of the San Fernando Valley, Mexicans didn't fight other Mexicans. Blacks didn't attack fellow blacks. Instead, one racial group would fight another.

A vicious 1982 riot in San Quentin actually started when a black stabbed a Mexican in Folsom Prison. Because both groups were immediately locked in their cells and segregated, there was no opportunity for retaliation at Folsom. So the inmates' code called for a Mexican to stab a black at San Quentin, a prison of equal reputation. And that's what happened.

"It was just like in the movies," Garcia said. "We were all out in the yard and everything suddenly grew quiet. And then all hell broke loose. It was pretty scary. I ran for my life when the guards started shooting."

Garcia insists he was innocent of the crime that put him away, that he took the rap without squealing because that was the way it worked on the street. He says 21 stab wounds were found on the body of the gang member in Glendale, and that an autopsy later determined at least five different knives were used. Still, no one except him was arrested for the crime.

"I always got busted for things I didn't do," he says. "The things I *did* do, I never got busted for. If I did, I'd *still* be in jail."

He's stabbed and been stabbed. He admits to having carried a gun. But did he ever shoot anyone?

"Oh, sure, I've shot people."

Kill anyone?

A pause. "No comment."

***

One of the many biting ironies surrounding Alex Garcia is that, in supposedly laid-back California, he has lived a most death-defying existence: dueling with knives and guns on the street and surviving riots in some of the country's nastiest prisons. But in his profession, one of the most hazardous an athlete can choose, he has faced a minimum of risk.

Garcia's ring opposition has been recycled trialhorses like Eddie Richardson, Bernard Benton, and Rocky Sekorski. Except for a TKO loss to Dee Collier due to a cut, Garcia has delivered. His record, 20-1 (16), has been enough to get him rated 11th by the WBA and 14th by the WBC.

More irony: The two best fighters Garcia ever faced—two of the hardest-hitting heavyweights of the '80s, in fact—swapped punches with him when he was still an *amateur.* After being paroled from Soledad in June 1984, Garcia had no idea how he wanted to capitalize on his second chance. He had been a standout linebacker before dropping out of San Fernando High School, so he considered playing football at a junior college. But then one day he walked into Benny The Jet's Jet Center, a gym in Van Nuys. Though proficient with his fists, he had never cared much for boxing.

"There was a team in San Quentin, but I wasn't interested," he says. "And you never had fistfights with other inmates. If you fight in prison, you don't box it out. You try to take someone's life."

Three months after entering the gym, Garcia had his first amateur bout. Choosing the cram-session method of fistic education, he then began sparring with Mike Weaver, the thunderous-punching former WBA champion.

Garcia laughs nervously at the memory.

"When I was born, they gave me to my mother to hold," he says. "She told my dad that I looked like a fighter because my nose was flat. It straightened out as I got older, but sparring with Mike Weaver flattened it again."

Relying on his natural strength and punishing right hand, Garcia was the U.S. amateur champion by 1986. But at the world championships, televised on *ABC's Wide World Of Sports,* he came face to fist with another devastating puncher, not to mention a legend: Cuba's three-time Olympic gold medalist, Teofilo Stevenson. Garcia was stopped in the second round. He went home with a silver medal, but also with the knowledge that a bad day in the ring was a breeze compared to a bad day on the street.

Garcia turned pro in February 1987, and had the privilege (?) of fighting some of his early bouts at Los Angeles' Taj Mahal of Maul, the famed Olympic Auditorium. The mostly Mexican crowds at the Olympic—the building has since been gutted and slated for demolition—were known for two things: worshiping fighters of Mexican descent and requiring distemper shots.

"That was a wild place," Garcia recalls. "I walked out of the tunnel to go to the ring once and got covered with beer instantly. One time coming down

(Continued on page 58)

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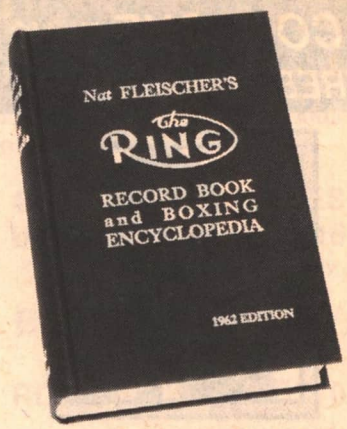

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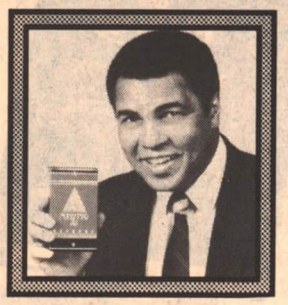

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Alex Garcia

(Continued from page 57)

the aisle, I counted seven fights going on in the crowd. You didn't even have to look at the ring to see good action."

Garcia played his way right into the hearts of the Olympic zealots, wearing a sombrero and serape for his ring entrance. The fans loved him because of his aggressive, entertaining style, but also because most of them were unaware that although he exhibits a trace of a Spanish accent, he doesn't speak the language.

"I must have picked up my accent up on the street," he says. "A lot of Mexicans don't like other Mexicans who don't speak Spanish. People tell me Bobby Chacon would have made more money if he spoke Spanish, and they say that if I become champion, it's going to cost me money, too."

Garcia is hardly The Great Mexican Hope. He has been south of the border just once, with his parents and two of his sisters. His impression: "F____, I thought *L.A.* was bad."

Since some of his athletic prime was spent wearing shirts with "PROPERTY OF" stenciled on them, Garcia will probably reach the top 10 and the age of 30 simultaneously. (He turns 30 in December.) Though he's begun making regular ESPN appearances, he has yet to face a contender, and remains largely unknown. (He could have changed all that had he agreed to a proposed August bout with George Foreman, but he turned it down, saying he wasn't quite ready for such a drastic jump in competition.)

Despite his anonymity—or maybe because of it—he is in an enviable position. He can develop without pressure, without having to apply a sunscreen to ward off the glare of the ever-critical media.

He's not Riddick Bowe, expected to inherit the throne, and having nowhere to go but down. He's not Ray Mercer, a guy who has enough people's hopes in his fists that he's actually an entry on the NASDAQ stock exchange. He's not Michael Moorer, the designated savior of a boxing stable trying to regain its identity. He's not even Tommy Morrison. Trust us, nobody would ever walk up to Garcia and asked him if *he* wore mascara.

***

Alex Garcia speaks with no trace of remorse for the life he once led. Remorse is not a word heard often in the streets of SanFer. It's not real big in the drab tinderboxes of San Quentin, Chino, and Soledad. And it has yet to make an appearance in the world of prizefighting. Maybe Garcia doesn't express a whole lot of regret because he doesn't really know what it is.

"I'm not a sniveler," he says. "I'm not gonna say I wish I didn't do this or I'm sorry for that. You think it would make any difference? If someone doesn't know me, they don't know what happened. The San Fernando Mall was always a big cruising place, so most of the time the gangs came into our neighborhood and started things with us. *They* were the ones looking for trouble. I'm not sorry for what I did. People would threaten my life, and unless they had a machine gun, I wasn't gonna back down."

Just a few days after Garcia spoke to *The Ring,* a 13-year-old member of the C-14 gang was shot in the stomach in North Hollywood. The wounded teen staggered backward into the arms of his best friend and died. The best friend was Garcia's nephew. Because of incidents like that, Garcia has been trying to downplay his past more and more, not glorify it. But to his frustration, he's found that's not so easy.

"I'll be in the mall and kids will see my tattoo and say, 'You're from SanFer. We heard you were in fights and shootings,'" he says. "I don't want kids to talk about that, especially when grownups are around, too. I don't want to have to keep reliving it."

Sometimes he feels like the aging gunslinger who wants to live the quiet life but has to walk through town with an uneasiness, never knowing when somebody might challenge him to enhance a rep. He'll turn and look away, but not forever. Walking away completely is not part of his makeup.

"When I'm out," he goes on, "some guys will come up to me and say, 'Good luck,' and other ones will give me hard looks and say, 'I hope he gets knocked out.' Usually, they keep away. If they get in my face, something's gonna happen. I'll listen to them talk some of their s____, until they put their hands on me."

Not yet cornered in the fight game, he is, in many ways, cornered outside of it. Out there, the fights aren't as easy to turn down, the old days not quickly forgotten. Meanwhile, the statistics add up. The kids die. But for many of them in Southern California, gang life retains its glamour. The homeboy is 20-1, but still admired by too many kids in San Fernando for all the wrong reasons.

It makes you wonder if Alex Garcia will ever escape the feeling that he's trapped behind the walls. Walls that form a higher and more unconquerable fortress than anything he ever stared at from his cell at San Quentin. ■

Mercer-Morrison

(Continued from page 47)

As he dangles in the champ-or-chump vaccuum most fighters occupy before realizing they are one or the other, Morrison has decided to risk the opportunity to fight for the heavyweight title. If he turns out to be a fraud, he will nurse a bruised ego without the security of a huge check deposited in his bank.

Morrison knows that if he never fights a top-10 heavyweight, he'd likely still get a title shot. It's a boxing fact that white skin sells tickets. But on August 9, at the Atlantic City Convention Center, he will risk it all against Ray Mercer. At stake is Mercer's WBO title, a position that carries less prestige than did membership in Joe Louis' "Bum of the Month Club."

"It's the right fight at the right time," Morrison's co-manager, Bill Cayton, said. "Ray Mercer is a good opponent. He has credibility. I believe it will catapult Tommy into worldwide recognition."

Morrison concedes that a bout with Mercer is a gamble, but considers it part of the progression of his career.

"You have to take risks all the time," he said. "I need to step up another level. Mercer and I have been on a collision course ever since we turned pro."

Since the 22-year-old Morrison debuted in the fall of 1988, he's been labeled first as John Wayne's great grandnephew, then as Tommy Gunn in *Rocky V*, and finally as the future heavyweight champion. While his boxing potential lags behind his celebrity, Morrison has nonetheless displayed his punching power. It is the kind of power that can deaden nerve endings or shatter jawbones. The threat of an instant heavyweight knockout intrigues and attracts blue-collar workers, yuppies, even Morrison's fellow actors. His left hook could make him a very rich man.

But he has also shown an inability to solve certain ring riddles, namely Ken Lakusta and Yuri Vaulin. Neither is a particularly threatening heavyweight.

In his most recent fight, a fifth-round TKO of Vaulin in April, Morrison was behind on points before the Russian southpaw quit after two hooks to the body. A month after the fight, Morrison revealed he had suffered from Compartment Syndrome and had undergone surgery in May. As he had moved up in weight from 210 to 225, the disorder restricted the flexibility in his calves and forced them to cramp after short periods of activity. Morrison went into the matchup with Vaulin after three consecutive one-round knockouts and didn't think his medical problem would affect his performance.

"We faced a little adversity and we got through it," said Morrison, who usually speaks in pluralities. "We're not the kind of people who make excuses, but we shouldn't have been fighting. The fight was already made and we thought we should go through with it."

As Morrison advances, it is certain that the media will begin to focus on his skin color. The inevitable "Great White Hope" label is slowly being affixed. And with it will come comparisons to Gerry Cooney.

"We prefer to stay away from that," Morrison said. "First of all, it's a racist statement, and secondly, all the other great white hopes they tagged never reached the level we plan on reaching."

"The business of comparing Tommy to a Cooney or a [Jerry] Quarry disturbs me," Cayton intoned. "Neither Tommy or I consider Tommy as a white hope."

Unlike Cooney, Morrison does not want to be moved into a heavyweight title fight without earning it. In April, when the rumor mill suggested he was next in line to

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Mercer-Morrison

(Continued from page 59)

fight undisputed champion Evander Holyfield, Morrison indicated he might not be ready for such a fight. He explained his feelings with humility and a sense of fairness that was as corny as, well, a John Wayne movie.

"It would be a little premature," Morrison admits. "We probably wouldn't take the fight unless we think we're gonna be competitive. We'd have to discuss it and find out if we're ready."

Morrison does figure to be competitive with Mercer, a 1988 Olympic gold medalist. Like Morrison, Mercer has recently had a disappointing, albeit victorious, outing. In January, he was given a boxing lesson for nine rounds before knocking out Francesco Damiani with a desperation left uppercut. The win left Mercer looking like an inexperienced brawler.

Nevertheless, Morrison will be confronted by a heavyweight who has tough-fight experience. Before battling back against Damiani, Mercer had gone 12 brutal rounds with Bert Cooper. Mercer, 30, understands that he must soon make his bid for the undisputed title. There is no margin for error. He approaches every fight as a potentially crippling threat to his career.

Mercer already holds a win over Morrison, registered at the 1988 Olympic Trials. Morrison, then 19, was not far removed from fighting in tough-man competitions. Mercer, on the other hand, was a 27-year-old sergeant and the All-Army champion. Mercer won by unanimous decision and advanced to the semifinals and eventual Olympic glory.

Both fighters, however, feel that very little from their first meeting can be applied to this fight.

"Nobody knew of him then," Mercer said. "I didn't take him very seriously. But now I take him real serious."

"He was a much better fighter than I was at that point," Morrison said. "I feel I've made tremendous strides since he beat me."

Regardless of such strides, Mercer's manager, Marc Roberts, had no reservations about taking the fight.

"I don't see any way that Tommy Morrison can beat Ray," he said. "It's the perfect time to catch a guy who's got a big name. It makes all the sense in the world to us."

Despite Roberts' perception, there may not be a more evenly matched heavyweight fight. Both Morrison and Mercer are powerhitters with a limited amount of experience at the world-class level.

Twelve-round decisions over Cooper and Kimmuel Odum and an eight-round split decision over former WBA junior heavyweight champion Ossie Ocasio, give Mercer the edge in experience. Morrison has only gone six rounds three times, decisioning Lakusta, Aaron Brown, and Lorenzo Canady. His two most accomplished opponents have been heavyweight trialhorses James Tillis and Pinklon Thomas, both first-round knockout victims. [As we went to press, Morrison was scheduled to meet veteran heavyweight Wimpy Halstead.]

"I haven't been fighting stiffs like Riddick Bowe and Tommy Morrison have," Mercer said. "I feel like I'm going into the fight with more experience. I've shown heart and determination. Everyone knows it's there."

But is the *power* there? Mercer's inability to knock out Cooper, who has been kayoed by George Foreman and Riddick Bowe, and Odum, who has been kayoed by Razor Ruddock, raised questions. He is now perceived as the type of puncher who wears down his opponents. Conversely, when Morrison scores a knockout, it is usually definitive. He has scored 14 kayos in the first round and six in the second round.

"I expect him to come straight at me throwing those left hooks," Mercer said. "He has to understand that I'm gonna being throwing, too. While he's throwing his left hook, he'll have to take my right hand."

While power and experience will be contributing factors in the outcome, the heavyweight who emerges victorious is likely to be the one who can withstand the other's punches. Neither Mercer nor Morrison is especially skilled in the art of defense. Each will present the other with plenty of openings. Both men fight best when moving forward, and among their goals will be to break each other's will.

"I expect a tough fight because he'll be up for it," Morrison said. "He's shown a lot of heart. In order to beat him, you've got to knock Ray Mercer unconscious."

That will be a difficult task: Mercer, 17-0 (12), has yet to be knocked off his feet as a pro.

"I think Ray Mercer takes the best punch in boxing," Roberts said. "And he knows what it's like to be around in the late rounds."

This fight, however, isn't likely to reach the late rounds. In a combined 44 pro fights, Mercer and Morrison have scored 35 knockouts. There'll be no feeling-out

process and very little slipping or ducking.

"We're gonna find out what Ray Mercer is made of, and we're gonna find out what Tommy Morrison is made of," Morrison said. "I think this will be an opportunity for me to shine."

And shine he will. Morrison's left hook might not render Mercer unconscious, but it will do enough damage to earn him a sixth-round TKO. And then, just maybe, Tommy Morrison will become more famous than Tommy Gunn.

Jack "Kid" Berg

(Continued from page 44)

Battling Siki look like ministers by comparison.

Berg was a tense bundle of nervous energy, impulsive and fanatically superstitious. Training him was one nightmare after another. We never could let him out of our sight. Normally, you tuck a fighter into bed, switch off the lights, and lock the door from the outside for insurance. But with Berg, lights out signaled the start of war games. Would he or wouldn't he break loose? We put extra padlocks on the door, barred the windows, and stationed somebody in the room to watch him. And still we could never be sure.

After months of careful scrutiny, he was, I concluded, a raw bundle of nerves, propelled by a boundless energy and completely helpless against this terrible drive. For him to live and breathe and stay healthy, he had to have a variety of outlets. To snap shut those outlets was to make him explode and die. The same forces that motivated his unpardonable escapades gave him the phenomenal fighting drive that intrigued the public. It was the wrong approach to lock his door and confine him to a miles-from-nowhere training camp. To do that was to aggravate and intensify the wounds.

There was, for example, the time at Waukesha, Wisconsin, where we trained for the second Canzoneri fight. Waukesha was a small, quiet town. No loose girls. No night spots. Just trees, birds, and grasshoppers. Berg was restless and irritable. Whenever he was in that condition, his stomach tied up into knots and he suffered from chronic constipation. I discovered that agarol relieved him quickly. One night when it came time for his dose, I poured a tablespoon full out of the bottle and, trying not to spill any, raised it toward his mouth. Suddenly, Jackie turned his head aside and pointed his finger at Frankie (Jay) Jacobs, who had a piece of Berg's contract. Jacobs was sitting near a window, biting his nails and reading a scratch sheet.

"Let him take it first," Berg said arrogantly.

Here I am struggling to balance a heaping spoon of gooey liquid and trying to talk this stubborn mule into doing what was good for him. Frankie Jacobs picked his nose out of the scratch sheet.

"But I don't use any of that stuff," Frankie growled. "I'm a 'regular' guy."

Berg folded his arms across his chest and pressed his lips together so tight they turned white. Like an eight-year-old brat, he grinned and shook his head. I felt like throwing the spoon into his smirking face and walking out. But that would be like surrendering, and I always hated quitters. I counted 10. Slowly. "Okay Kid," I said, straining to keep all my self-control. "We'll all take a dose. I'll even go first." I raised the spoon to my lips, but Berg caught my arm. "No," he sneered, pointing his finger at Jacobs, "he goes first."

"Go ahead, Frankie," I pleaded, "be a sport." Jacobs cursed under his breath and got to his feet. He started to say something, but before he could get a word out, I shoved the spoonfull of agarol into his mouth. Quicky I poured another batch into the spoon and was about to gulp it down when I noticed a queer look on Jacobs' face. Instead of swallowing the foul-tasting syrup immediately, Frankie figures he'll play it cute. I can see that he is rolling it around in his mouth, waiting for Berg to take his shot, and then he will spit it out. I swallowed my dose and poured out another one, hoping to get it into Jackie before Frankie exploded. But Berg is staring blankly at Jacobs, whose face has already changed from a red orange to a red purple. A few seconds later Frankie is rolling around the floor, clutching his stomach. "I'm croaking," he sobs, "get a doctor, quick." Ten minutes later the doctor arrives, and after a hurried examination, he says, "This man is suffering from acute appendicitis. We must get him into a hospital immediately. I took

(Continued on page 62)

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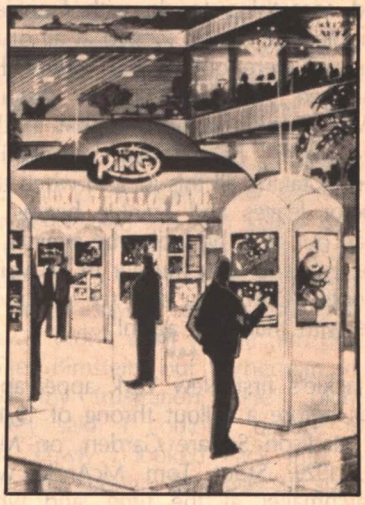

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Jack "Kid" Berg

(Continued from page 61)

the doctor aside and told him that there was something I thought he should know. I told him about the agarol and suggested that maybe it had something to do with Frankie's trouble. The doctor looked at all of us like we were out of our minds. He slammed his bag shut in disgust. "Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?" he growled. Meanwhile, Berg is taking all this in, and when the doctor leaves and Frankie begins to snap out of it, he looks me straight in the eye, and with murder in his voice shouts, "Don't you ever try to poison me with that stuff again!"

***

Jackie's first New York appearance was before a sellout throng of 19,450 at Madison Square Garden, on May 10, 1929. Stout Tom McArdle was matchmaker at the time, and what shows he put on! Louis "Kid" Kaplan and Billy Wallace were in the main event, and Berg was in the semifinal against one of the most underrated lightweights of all time, a great little fighter, Bruce Flowers. For 10 rounds, Berg swarmed all over Flowers, shifting his attack first to the head and then to the body. At times he would slam his gloves together with Bruce's head in the middle. Nothing Flowers did protected him from Berg's avalanche of leather. The crowd went wild. They tore newspapers into shreds and threw them into air like confetti. It looked as though the roof had blown off, letting in a blinding snowstorm. Not since Harry Greb was chasing guys out of the ring and up the aisles had we ever seen anything as relentless as this brittle-looking Englishman. And never forget, Bruce Flowers was a terrific fighter. Berg won the decision.

Two weeks later McArdle rematched them, this time in the main event. They sold out again without assists from Kid Kaplan and Billy Wallace. Berg came into the ring wearing symbols of devoted Jewry. A tallith (a sacred shawl) hung around his shoulders and tvillan (strips of leather worn as a constant reminder of God's presence) were strapped around his arms and forehead. The normally riotous fight mob remained silent out of respect as he went through the long, dramatic ritual of unwinding the leather straps from around his body, kissing them tenderly, and placing them in a gold, embroidered, velvet bag. He always handed the bag to me, saying, "Please take care of this, Ray."

Some skeptics sneered that he went through that routine to pull in the cloak and suiters. It was using religion for financial gains. It was sacrilegious. Of course those skeptics were wrong and ignorant. To understand why Berg always wore symbols of his religion into the ring you had to know the man. True, he wasn't what you call a religious Jew. But he was superstitious beyond reason. When I put the question to him one day, he seemed embarrassed.

"It's comforting to have God on your side no matter what you are doing," he said soberly.

Sol Gold maneuvered Berg with loving care, and in my 30 years as a boxing insider, I never saw a better-managed fighter than Berg. Not even Jimmy McLarnin, whom Pop Foster cuddled as if he were a china doll, enjoyed better care. Under Sol's magic wand, Berg ripped off 13 consecutive victories, including a win over Flowers that was a duplicate of the original. His purses were running around $10,000 per fight.

In December 1929, Gold called me at my home and told me he just signed Berg and Tony Canzoneri for the Garden on the 16th of January. I wasn't surprised, because I knew Goldie had been angling for the match; he felt Jackie would lick Tony and that the Garden would sell out for sure. "We'll do seven grand," Gold told me confidently, "and we'll win, and then we'll get Sammy Mandell for the title."

Jackie suffered making weight for the fight, and when he climbed into the ring amid a deafening ovation, he appeared drawn and pasty-faced. Canzoneri, bouncing up and down across the ring, was heavy-chested, tanned, powerful, and dripping with confidence. Few people bet against Tony, who was a solid 16-5 favorite. Berg was told to swarm all over Canzoneri, as he had done with Flowers. He was trained to fight that kind of fight. I rubbed his back as he waited for the bell. I could feel his heart pounding, and the big vein in his neck was throbbing like a kettle drum.

"Stay on top of him, Jackie, and don't let him get set," I yelled above the din of the excited mob of almost 20,000. He bit down hard on his mouthpiece and nodded. The hot lights highlighted his handsome features, and he looked anything but a man about to face the muderous onslaughts of Canzoneri.

In the first round, Berg fought contrary to our battle plan. Instead of swarming Tony, he stood straight up, jabbing and trying to outbox him. Canzoneri weaved low and ripped both hands to the body. I turned to Goldie, who had a puzzled look on his face as his eyes followed the action. "What in hell is he pulling?" Sol muttered. "He's gonna get killed."

We finally had him back in the corner. Gold cursed at him and I tried to find out why he was committing suicide. But there was no response. He just stared across the ring at the smiling, confident Canzoneri.

Round two was the same as round one. Berg remained erect, sticking out his left, missing, and letting Tony bloody his mouth and split his nose. When he came back to his corner, he was the first to speak.

"I'll try the old way next round."

Not a word more was spoken. None was necessary. For the next eight rounds Berg put on the greatest exhibition of raw guts tempered with skill that I've ever seen. Tony never again got a chance to set himself. Berg kept him reeling back on his heels with snakelike jabs followed by machine gun volleys to the head and body. Not once did he stop. Not for breath. Not for a fraction of a second. The crowd never used their seats.

At the end, Sammy Goldman half-carried Canzoneri back to his corner, and Berg received one of the loudest and most sustained ovations ever to rock the Garden. He won the last eight rounds in succession by the widest possible margin. I was so excited and overwhelmed by the phenomenal performance of this skinny little runt that I picked him up in my arms and kissed him. Not even Harry Greb on that great man's finest night outdid Kid Berg's masterpiece against Canzoneri.

Berg became a national hero. They

ran his picture across three columns on the sports sheets, and Walter Winchell's spies tailed him on his wild escapades. He was news, big news. Every time he blew his nose, the presses rolled. And the girls! Wow! How they went for that smooth line of his. His childish features. His gentle English way. They wanted him in Hollywood to do a picture, but Gold said he would make more money fighting. Goldie was right. Even during those terrible depression years, Berg packed every club lucky enough to grab him.

He knocked out Mushy Callahan and won the synthetic junior welterweight championship. He punched Joe Glick full of holes and handed Kid Chocolate his first defeat in more than 100 fights. Berg was one of boxing's hottest attractions. The New York press started to steam up a Berg-McLarnin fight, which would pack 75,000 people into Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds as surely as a World Series game. The idea caught on and was fanned by McLarnin's reputation as "the executioner of Jewish boxers." If ever a man was destined to avenge his race, Kid Berg was that man.

Pressure was brought to bear on Sol Gold. But Sol never liked the match. "Why should I fight McLarnin now?" Gold asked me. "I'm not afraid to go with him, but the match doesn't make good sense."

After Berg licked Joe Glick for the second time in 1930, Goldie surprised the daylights out of me when he closed a Berg-Billy Petrolle match for Madison Square Garden. Although I never mentioned it, I felt McLarnin was an easier opponent than the vicious-looking Petrolle. But Gold did the business and I did the conditioning.

Petrolle was a heavy favorite, and the Garden bulged at the seams with anxious customers. Ringside seats were scooped up by the scalpers weeks before, and they were going for $100 a pair. Mobs of people waited outside the 49th Street entrance in the bitter cold, waiting for a close look at Berg, and special police were stationed in front of the dressing room to keep people from breaking down the door.

When Jackie climbed the five steps into the ring, Petrolle was already there, sitting on his stool and wrapped in that dirty, faded Indian blanket. Jack Hurley, Petrolle's wily manager, came over to us and looked at Jackie's hands. Gold went over to check on Petrolle. Tension was built up to the breaking point. I heard that close to a million dollars was riding on this fight. The introductions were made quickly. We were late coming on, and Sam Taub, broadcasting for Adam Hats, had been stalling for about seven minutes.

Berg was up against the best body-puncher in the business. Petrolle's hook had ruined many a good fighter, and we knew he would dig to the body until he brought down Jackie's guard. Then he'd go for the knockout.

The first two rounds were clearly Petrolle's. The third was less than a minute old, with Berg busily working both fists to the head. Then, suddenly, Petrolle weaved low and nailed Jackie on the way in with the hardest punch of the fight, a left hook squarely under the heart. I saw it coming and turned away. I didn't want to see him drop. Whitey Bimstein, our cornerman, noticed my frustration. "He's okay," Whitey said. I couldn't believe my ears. Slowly I looked back into the ring. Sure enough, Berg was still standing, and Petrolle was trying desperately to avoid an avalanche of red-hot leather. But I couldn't get it out of my head. That punch surely must have

(Continued on page 64)

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Jack "Kid" Berg

(Continued from page 63)

had some effect.

As soon as the round was over, I leaped into the ring, dropping the swabs out of my mouth in the excitement. I looked squarely into his face and yelled, "How do you feel, Yiddle?" I always called him Yiddle, which is the Jewish word for boy or man. Without batting an eye, he replied politely, "Lovely, thanks. And you?" If I live to be a million, I'll never forget those words or the cute way he said them.

Berg grew stronger as the fight progressed and Petrolle weakened. Like Canzoneri, he, too, had punched himself out on the elusive, impregnable target before him. Jackie won the decision and the bookmakers went to the cleaners. The whole boxing world lay at Sol Gold's feet. Promoters gave him a blank check. Berg's life story was serialized in the papers. Photographers waited in line to take his picture, and the dolls were attracted to him like flies to fly-paper.

He beat Goldie Hess in Chicago, Herman Perlick in the Garden, then we went to Detroit and boxed dangerous Billy Wallace, a puncher-boxer who could knock your brains out with a right hand. Jackie was very serious about a gorgeous young New York girl at the time. It took him three hours to say goodbye to her at Penn Station. Finally, we got on the train and the next morning checked into the Fort Shelby Hotel in Detroit. No sooner did we get into the lobby when Berg walks over to the desk clerk and asks for his mail. I stared at him as though he was out of his mind.

"Mail you're asking for?" I said angrily. "Last night you were saying goodbye to her in New York and this morning you want mail in Detroit. Even if she wrote as soon as you left, the letter couldn't possibly have come on the same train."

"Those girls are all alike," he growled. "You go away on business and they forget all about you."

He chopped Wallace to shreds and was presented with a gold belt by the National Boxing Association, emblematic of the junior welterweight championship of the world.

On April 24, 1931, Berg lost his second fight in America, and the second fight of his six-year career. Tony Canzoneri solved him like a crossword puzzle and stopped him in three rounds in Chicago. Berg took the defeat to heart and disappeared for several weeks. Where he went I never found out, but when I finally found him he was dirty and unshaven, with big, saggy bags hung under his eyes. I explained that even the greatest men have an off-night now and then no matter what their profession, and that the Americans were generous, understanding people. Sol Gold figured that the best medicine would be another fight as quickly as possible. He booked him with tough Tony Herrera in New York. Berg warmed up to his task and drubbed Herrera. He won six in a row, and then Goldie put him back with Canzoneri. Tony had since knocked out Al Singer for the lightweight championship, and his title would be at stake.

Jackie was molded into fairly good condition, but the old drive was gone. He caught punches that he once easily avoided and punched in spurts. The training grind was hard work and no longer a game of hide-and-go-seek. He tried as best he could against Canzoneri, making the great champion call on every bit of strength and cunning in his body to stay alive. But Tony was too much fighter, and after 15 rounds, they gave him a deserved decision.

***

Jackie practically commuted between London and New York from 1932 to 1940. He won most of the time, but lost now and then. His classic features took on a swollen, pasty look. His hair thinned, and scars appeared around his eyes and mouth. His nose was broken, and he began to look like a pug. Gold told him to quit. Berg begged him to get him more fights, but Goldie stuck by his belief: "You're finished, Jackie, and I'd hate to see you hurt." Frankie Jacobs, however, gave in to his pleas and started to book Berg back into the smaller New York clubs. People were attracted to where his name appeared on the posters and they paid to see him box neighborhood kids. Most always they walked out shaking their heads and wondering why Berg kept going.

Still he continued to beg for more fights in America. Goldie was so disgusted that he refused to answer his letters. Harry Levine, whose knowledge of boxing was limited, bought Berg's contract and threw him in at every opportunity. Once in a while, Frankie Jacobs brought him back to the States for a fight. In 1937 and 1938, Berg amazed the world by losing but twice in 27 bouts.

Jacobs had him fighting at places like the Broadway Arena, The Queensboro, Ridgewood Grove, and other small clubs. On March 10, 1939, he looked pathetic against wild Pedro Montanez, who punched Berg into a shaking wreck and flattened him in five rounds. Three months later, however, 33-year-old Kid Berg staged one of the most remarkable exhibitions of our time, and the newsmen who were in attendence agreed unanimously, "he could have beaten any welterweight in the world tonight, including the champion, Henry Armstrong."

The incident took place in Garfield, New Jersey, home and playground of Tippy Larkin, the brighest prospect on the fistic scene. Tippy could box like a [Bennie] Leonard. As yet, however, his china chin was still a closely guarded secret. Berg, who never could more than annoy with his best shots, was given as much chance to beat Larkin as Al Weill has of becoming President of the United States. But Jackie had it that night. Where he got it nobody knows. He was as sharp as he was against Petrolle and as cunning as he was against Canzoneri. He chased Larkin all over the ring, and Tippy was so overcome that he never left the starting gate. I worked the corner that night, and Barney Ross, who refereed the preliminaries and was now sitting near our corner, asked in amazement, "How does he do it?" I couldn't answer Barney because I didn't know myself.

Berg continued to box through the War years and then joined the R.A.F. After the War, he remained active in boxing, although from the sidelines. He is in the movies as a stuntman in the dangerous sequences when a double is needed. He goes to the horse races and dog races and frequents all the haunts that are monopolized by the sporting fraternity. He owned a restaurant in the Soho district of London, but found the duties confined him to his place of business too much, so he gave it up. He enjoys life, and like the typical fighter that he is, believes that he could still lick the

present crop of fighters with a few weeks of training.

The last letter I had from him was just a few weeks ago. He wrote three pages and finished up asking for a favor: "See if you can talk Goldie into bringing me back. Tell him I still have a few fights left in me. If he still says no, ask Frankie Jacobs."

I had to laugh. Still talking like a kid, and he's nearing the 50-year mark. Will he ever really grow up? I doubt it! ■

Charley Burley

(Continued from page 19)

ized opponents all way up through the heavyweight division, using a style that Archie Moore once called "slick as lard and twice as greasy." Burley defeated three fighters who would become world champions, but he never got the chance to fight for a world title. He is a classic example of a great black boxer who was, as one promoter put it, "too good for his own good."

Futch, who grew up sparring with Joe Louis and went on to train Joe Frazier, Ken Norton, Michael Spinks, and Larry Holmes, recalled the night in 1944 that Burley, fighting as a last-minute replacement, beat Moore.

"They needed a substitute, so they called Burley down in San Diego," Futch said. "Burley left work, went home, got his gear, hopped on a bus, came up the 125 miles to Hollywood, went into the ring, and gave Archie a good 10-round licking."

Futch makes a succinct argument for Burley's greatness: "As far as I'm concerned, this fella could do it all. He could box; he could punch. The guys who beat him were all bigger fellas. Fritzie Zivic bought his contract [from his manager] so he wouldn't have to fight him anymore."

"He was really something to see," Futch said. "He was a master at slipping punches, counterpunching. He walked to you with a good jab, feinted, and made you miss. He didn't move his legs too much, he'd just slide over, make you miss, and he was right there on top of you with either hand punching."

Echoing Futch was Blacky Nelson, Burley's long-time friend and former sparring partner. "Charley was so smooth, and he had the best head movement of anybody I've ever seen," Nelson said. "It was practically impossible to hit him solid. He seemed to anticipate every move that somebody

(Continued on page 66)

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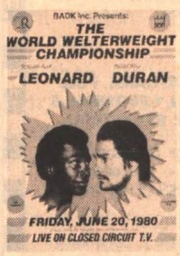

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Charley Burley

(Continued from page 65)

was going to make. He was just like a cloud out there. And he could punch like a fool, and I know that there's a few fighters he *let* go the distance."

Legend has it that Sugar Ray Robinson ducked Burley. Futch agreed, though he prefaced his remarks by saying that he didn't wish to "damage the career of a great fighter like Sugar Ray Robinson."

"But when it comes up," Futch added, "I got to say, 'Yeah, Robinson didn't want to fight him.' I can't blame him. LaMotta would never fight Burley. None of those middleweights [would]."

Futch, who was instrumental in Burley's election to the Boxing Hall of Fame in 1983, remains frustrated that Burley never received the recognition he deserved. But Burley, 72, is not bitter. This visitor found him at his daughter's home in Pittsburgh, where he was recovering from a stay in the hospital for treatment of a heart condition. With Burley, as always, was Julia, his wife of more than 50 years. As unlucky as Burley was in his fighting career, it seems that's how lucky he's been with his marriage.

"She's a great woman, so I'm satisfied," Burley says. "Over 50 years married, so what else do I want? When somebody sticks by you, you don't need nothin' else."

Except maybe God. "Only God understands," he says. "See, you don't tell no stories with the Lord. He's for real. I'm no Christian. I did, when I was young, go to church, but you don't have to go to church to be good people."

As he sat conversing at the kitchen table, Burley often looked to the heavens and repeated the phrase, "Only the Lord understands."

It's hard to imagine that this almost small and seemingly gentle man, who still appears to hover at his best fighting weight of just over 150 pounds, ever took on such giants as Archie Moore, Ezzard Charles, and Jimmy Bivins. Only his powerful hands, which bear lumps and scars from his fighting days, hint at the brutality of his chosen career.

His face may be unmarked, but his psyche is not. Like many great black fighters, including Sam Langford and Harry Wills, Burley has had to endure knowing that he was perhaps the finest fighter alive, though he was never allowed to prove it in the ring.

"Archie Moore, I beat him in Hollywood," Burley remembered as matter-of-factly as if he were discussing a day at the office. "Fritzie Zivic, I beat him twice and they wouldn't give me a chance at the title."

In July 1939, after Burley had beaten Zivic for the second time, *The Pittsburgh Courier* reported that Burley had "outpunched, outsmarted, and outfought the veteran Zivic," and "stabbed Fritzie with every kind of left hand that is in fistiana's book of instruction." *The Pittsburgh Post Gazette* added that Zivic "was so far behind at the finish that a telescope would be the proper instrument to find him."

The following year, Zivic, not Burley, secured a shot at Henry Armstrong's welterweight title, though Burley was rated number one. Once Zivic was champion, "no amount of persuasion could induce Zivic to give Burley a crack at the crown," *The Ring* reported in 1942.

In 1942, Burley moved to Minneapolis, where the boxing commission granted him permission to fight men who outweighed him because of the lack of adequate competition from boxers of his own weight. Burley, who never fought at more than 156, beat heavyweights Shorty Hogue, Big Boy Hogue, and J.D. Turner.

"I wasn't that big, but I could just know when a punch was coming," Burley said. "And I stayed in shape. So I didn't have to worry about nothing."

Shorty Hogue had never been off his feet in 142 professional and amateur fights. But Burley, weighing little more than a welterweight, knocked him out in 10 rounds.

Burley was outweighed by 74 pounds when he fought the 225-pound J.D. Turner in March 1942. After getting a look at Turner, Burley told reporters, "Well, I asked for a big guy, and it looks like I got one. I guess I'll have to hit him a few more times to bring him down to my size."

Two months before facing Burley, J.D. Turner had lost a 10-round split decision to former light heavyweight champion Billy Conn. Burley needed only six rounds to score a knockout over Turner, who hit the canvas a total of four times.

A match between Burley and fellow Pittsburgh great Conn would have been a natural. Though Conn outweighed Burley by about 20 pounds, promoter Tommy O'Loughlin offered Conn's manager, Johnny Ray, $10,000 for the fight.

"Only twice in his life has Conn made that much money from one night's work," O'Loughlin told the press. "But I honestly will be surprised if he accepts." O'Loughlin was right: Conn and Burley never clashed.

Futch recalled that shortly after Burley's stoppage of Turner, a well-connected promoter brought the second-ranked middleweight to New York. The exposure, the promoter figured, would help in capturing a title try. Though Burley couldn't get booked into Madison Square Garden, he was matched in the St. Nicholas Arena against "Showboat" Bill McQuillan, a fighter who had worked with Futch.

"McQuillan was a good journeyman," said Futch. "They wanted to see what Burley was like. They'd heard all these things, but there was no television in those days."

Burley's talent once again interfered with his progress. He knocked out McQuillan in one round, and was never heard from in New York again. As *The Ring's* Jersey Jones put it, "The local managers of middleweights, after absorbing one robust collective eyeful of the Pittsburgher, promptly ushered their charges to the nearest bomb shelters. They had seen all they wanted of Burley."

If other black fighters of his day were getting title shots, why couldn't Burley? Maybe he never found a manager who could do for him what George Gainford did for Sugar Ray Robinson or Jack Kearns did for Archie Moore. Maybe he changed managers too often. Maybe the boxing establishment didn't have room for one more great black champion. Or maybe Burley wouldn't agree to take a dive in exchange for a title shot.

What would have been Robinson's fate had he agreed to face Burley? "He woulda been in trouble," Burley says without sounding boastful. "I guess I woulda been, too. I wanted him. I wanted him. But it wasn't for me."

A few years back, Burley was more expansive on the subject.

"Jake Mintz [a local promoter] came to me one time and said I might be able to get a contract for three fights with Robinson," Burley told the *Pittsburgh Press*. "But he told me that part of the deal would be that I'd have to go down in the first one. I questioned whether I'd get a rematch after the first fight and he didn't give him a definite answer. A few days later, Robinson signed to fight Ossie Harris, a guy he could knock out easily."

Following Robinson's death in 1989, Burley told the *Village Voice*, "Ray ducked me. George Gainford admitted that much. But I can't really say I blame him. There wasn't no money in our fighting each other. All we'd have done is knock each other out . . . It's just that they weren't gonna give two black guys a chance like that in the same era, you know? God said to both of us, 'Which one of you wants to be Sugar Ray? And I guess I didn't raise my hand fast enough."

None of this is to suggest that Burley never lost a fight. But considering how he jumped weight classes and the conditions under which he fought, it's impressive that his record shows only 12 decision losses in 89 fights.

Burley's 1938 decision loss to Zivic was the winner's 77th pro bout and Burley's ninth. The following year, Burley dropped a decision to Jimmy Leto, and another to the man who would become perhaps his greatest rival, Holman Williams. Williams was a Detroit middleweight who had a hand in teaching a young Joe Louis how to fight. Burley and Williams fought seven times, each winning three. Their final fight, in 1943, was declared a no-contest.

"Oh, that was a rough fight every time," Burley says of Williams. "Me and him had some times together! New Orleans, I remember. I think I knocked him out once. He was a runner and a good boxer. It'd be hard to catch him. He was a great fighter, you can't take that away from him."

In 1940, Burley fought a draw with tough middleweight Georgie Abrams and lost a 10-round decision to Jimmy Bivins, despite flooring the future light heavyweight and heavyweight contender. The following year, Burley dropped two close decisions to future heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles, who, according to some reports, outweighed Burley by as much as 20 pounds.

"Charles was the uncrowned light heavyweight champion; nobody would touch him with a 10-foot pole," Nelson remembered. "Charley fought him twice within 30 days, and Charley also fought Holman Williams in between and knocked him out."

Charles was the only man to beat Burley twice, but Burley chose a less celebrated foe as the toughest man he ever faced.

"The roughest fight I had was Lloyd Marshall," he said. "He was a light heavyweight. I lost a decision to him [in 1942], and he's the only one who knocked me off my feet. A straight right hand in the first round."

In later years, Burley split a pair of decisions with Bert Lytell, who was routinely avoided by fighters more fearful than Burley. In 1950, at age 32, he won his last fight, a light heavyweight match vs. Pilar Bastidas in Lima, Peru.

He then settled in his native Pittsburgh, where he worked for the sanitation department as a rubbish hauler for 34 years.

* * *

Playwright August Wilson, who went on to win two Pulitzer Prizes, grew up across the street from Charley Burley. For boxing fans, this is a piece of good luck that could perhaps only be equaled had Eugene O'Neill been Jack Dempsey's neighbor.

Wilson spoke about Burley with great enthusiasm and a poet's eye for detail.

(Continued on page 69)

"The total effect is a
★ KNOCKOUT." ★
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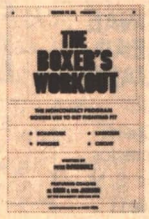

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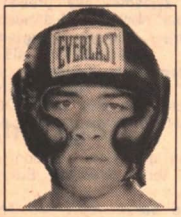

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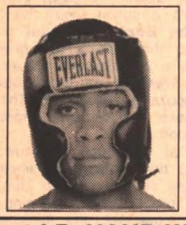

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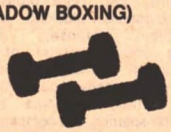

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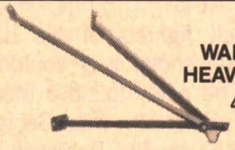

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Charley Burley

(Continued from page 67)

"I grew up without a father, and the male image that was in my life—at least in my earlier life up until I was 12 or 13—was Charley Burley," Wilson told *The Ring*. "And that's what being a man meant to me, to be like him. I wanted to grow up and dress like him. He wore those Stetson hats and things of that sort, and I couldn't wait until I got to be a man to be like Charley Burley."

In the Pittsburgh neighborhood where he was raised, Wilson recalled, Burley was special.

"Everybody always called him 'Champ,'" he said. "And for a long while when I was growing up, I thought he *was* the champ. I always wanted to do something so that if I walked down the street, I'd be a hero like Charley Burley."

Wilson's acclaimed play *Fences* tells the story of Troy Maxson, a former Negro League baseball player who works for the sanitation department in Pittsburgh. Was the character inspired by the life of Burley?

"I suspect so, maybe unconsciously," Wilson said. " . . . Troy Maxson has the magnificent spirit that I saw in Charley Burley."

What Wilson admires most about Burley is the fighter's ability to endure despite the hardships and injustices of his life.

"One of the things that impresses me about Charley Burley today is that he has no bitterness about any of that stuff," Wilson continued. "He just goes, 'Well, that's the way it went.'

"I think lesser people with less force of character would have allowed that kind of thing to eat at them until they destroyed themselves and ended up a bum on the street all because of this raw deal they got and be consumed by their bitterness. Charley wasn't like that. He just took it as it came along.

"In fact, he felt that he was blessed." ■

Ronald K. Fried is a writer and television producer. His book "Corner Men: Great Boxing Trainers" was published in April.

Danny Lopez

(Continued from page 31)

"I'm really thinking about it," he said. "With the way George Foreman came back and the money that's out there, I could take a shot at it. My weight's not too bad; I'm about 142, and I'm shooting for 130.

"I run about 30-45 minutes every day, I'm hitting the heavybag in my garage, and I'm feeling pretty good. But this is in the very preliminary stages. I haven't made up my mind yet."

The last time Lopez was in the ring, he was TKO'd in the 14th round by Salvador Sanchez in July 1980, five months after their first match, which saw the great Mexican lift Lopez' title with an upset 13-round TKO.

"I never thought he'd be the one to end my career," said Lopez. "I had seen him fight at the [Los Angeles] Sports Arena, and I said, 'This guy isn't bad.' [In the first fight] I was in shape and I never got tired. He just had me wired. He watched films of my fights over and over, and he had it down where he knew where to hit me. I just couldn't land my blows. If I could've hit him on the chin, I could've knocked him out, but I never could hit him."

Bennie Georgino, Lopez' former manager and trainer, knew of Sanchez' talent and did his best to avoid the Mexican for as long as possible.

"He was the big hurdle for us," Georgino said. "Had Sanchez not come along, [Lopez] would probably still be champion. I didn't like the fight because Sanchez moved side to side, threw his combinations, and got out. He knew better than to stay there and trade with Danny. I can't say anything bad about [WBC President Jose] Sulaiman, because he gave us the opportunity to stay with the title. But the time came when we had to fight Sanchez."

In the rematch, Lopez held a slight points lead after 10 rounds. But the former champion, for reasons unknown to him, weakened down the stretch.

"I was fighting my fight, taking him to the body," Lopez said. "I was wanting to wear him down for the later rounds, but when I should've been coming on, I got tired. There's no explanation for it—I trained my butt off for three months and I wanted it real bad. I guess it wasn't in the cards."

Acting on Georgino's advice, Lopez retired after the loss and spent the next two years enjoying his ring earnings. Meanwhile, Sanchez was turning back challenge after challenge until a car accident killed him in August 1982.

Though saddened by Sanchez' demise, Lopez also saw it as an opportunity to return to the ring. He worked off 30 pounds in three months, and promoter Don Fraser booked him a fight at the Olympic Auditorium. Just three weeks before the bout, Lopez aborted the comeback.

"I was sparring with Manuel Canela, and he hit me with a good shot that dazed me," he recalled. "I had never been dazed in the ring before. I had headaches after that, and I decided I'd better stay out of the ring."

Now, he's not sure he made the right decision.

"The first couple of years, when I was still friendly with Benny, I kept out of the ring because he kept telling me, 'Stay out, you've had enough.'" he recalled. "Otherwise I would have been back fighting in 1981. I was still young and I could still handle many of the guys out there."

In retrospect, he also blames Georgino for taking the second Sanchez fight so quickly after the first one.

"Now that I look back on it, I wish my manager would have done things differently," Lopez said. "If I knew then what I know now, I would have moved up to 130 pounds and taken a shot with some of those guys up there. I would have liked to have fought [Wilfredo] Gomez at 130, with the winner to fight Sanchez, instead of going back in with Sanchez and having the same thing happen."

Georgino, who says he bears no grudge against Lopez, remembers

(Continued on page 70)

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Danny Lopez

(Continued from page 69)

things differently.

"Danny wanted the rematch because he thought he could beat him," Georgino said. "At that time, we were able to get a rematch because it was a hot fight. Also, when you get knocked out [like Lopez did], you don't have the marketability to go and try to get a fight with anybody else unless you want to start four or five pegs below the top guys. At this stage of the game you don't want to fight guys that don't mean anything and get beat."

With boxing no longer a viable option, Lopez tried his hand at acting. He studied at the Van Mar Academy in Hollywood for two years, but he ended up having only marginal success. He did commercials for Miller High Life for a Spanish-speaking network and for In And Out Burger, a fast-food outlet in Southern California. He also had a bit part in the 1988 movie *Fists Of Steel*, which co-starred former welterweight champion-turned-actor Carlos Palomino, and an episode of the TV series *Knight Rider*.

"The funny thing about acting is that I could get up and talk in front of hundreds of people, but when I went in front of a casting director to interview for a part, I'd clam up," Lopez said. "I loved acting, and I'm still a member of the Screen Actors Guild, but when I found out I made only $10,000 one year, I decided to do something else."

What Lopez did was return to boxing, this time as a manager and trainer. He booked fights with Fraser at the Mariott Hotel and helped John Montes Sr. work with fighters. The former champion quickly learned about the frustrations on the other side of the ropes.

"I brought up a fighter named Greg Puente from the amateurs, and he went all the way to the California state junior lightweight title," Lopez recalled. "Then he got cocky and didn't train anymore. He'd party for a month, train for a month, then fight. I told him that wouldn't work, but he didn't have the desire to go to the gym. He was only 23 or 24 when he quit, and I got out of it, too, because it took two or three years to get him where he was. I said to myself, 'Man, you can't make it in boxing unless you have guy who is dedicated to becoming a champion.' "

If Lopez is known for anything, it is desire and dedication. Time after time, he rallied back from early-round knockdowns to score breathtaking knockouts.

"[Getting knocked down] actually stirred me up and infuriated me," he said. "I'd think, *Who is this guy to knock me down?* All those times I got knocked down and jumped back up, I was never really hurt or dazed. Like when I fought Ruben Olivares at the Forum. I didn't even feel the punch that knocked me down. Sure, I looked at the films and I saw the knockdown, but I didn't even feel it. So Olivares comes jamming in to try and knock me out and—*BOOM!*—I got him because I wasn't hurt. The thing that went through my mind was to just get up and get that knockdown back."

"Nobody had the heart of Danny Lopez," Georgino said. "[The knockdowns he suffered] touched a button on him and increased his incentive to come back and knock the other guy down. I would see his feet after he got knocked down, and he would start moving them like, 'Okay, let's get going. I gotta get you outta here *now*.' "

Unlike many former boxers, Lopez is not hurting financially. During his title reign, his accountant took half of his purses (about $200,000) and put the money in a trust fund. But unemployment has a way of draining financial resources, and he feels that a return to boxing may quickly replenish his bank account. He's probably right: The Lopez name still has marquee value, and many promoters would be willing to use that name to sell tickets.

It would be easy for the experts to criticize and dictate to Lopez how he should run his life. Boxing history is replete with cases of failed comebacks; for every George Foreman, there are 20 Joe Louises. Maybe it would be better for Lopez' health if he took the amateur boxing job in Irwindale. But you can be sure that whatever he decides, and whether he succeeds or fails, he'll climb off the floor if he has to. ■

Lee Groves is a freelance writer based in Friendly, West Virginia.

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Worldwide Ratings

WBA
WBC
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HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Evander Holyfield (USA)	C	C	C
Mike Tyson (USA)	1	1	1
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	2	3	2
George Foreman (USA)	3	5	3
James Douglas (USA)	4	9	-
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	5	6	6
Alex Stewart (JAM)	6	12	9
Riddick Bowe (USA)	7	7	5
Lennox Lewis (GB)	8	4	8
Renaldo Snipes (USA)	9	-	-
Orlin Norris (USA)	10	10	-
Pierre Coetzer (SA)	-	2	4
Tommy Morrison (USA)	11	8	-
Carl Williams (USA)	12	-	7
Mike Evans (USA)	18	-	10

CRUISERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Massimiliano Duran (ITA)	C	-	-
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	1	5	11
Carlos DeLeon (PR)	2	10	-
Johnny Nelson (GB)	3	9	7
Taoufik Belbouli (FRA)	4	1	-
Mike Hunter (USA)	5	3	-
Derek Angol (GB)	6	4	8
Robert Daniels (USA)	7	2	-
James Warring (USA)	8	6	5
Nate Miller (USA)	9	8	9
Phil Jackson (USA)	10	-	10
Bobby Czyz (USA)	-	C	-
Bash Ali (USA)	-	7	2
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	-	-	C
Richard Mason (USA)	12	-	1
Iby Zimmerman (CAU)	-	-	3
James Pritchard (USA)	-	-	4
Alfred Cole (USA)	17	11	6

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Dennis Andries (GB)	C	-	-
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	1	4	7
Isaias Lucero (MEX)	2	3	5
Yawe Davis (UGA)	3	-	-
David Vedder (USA)	4	10	-
Frank Tate (USA)	5	12	2
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	6	8	-
Booker T. Word (USA)	7	1	1
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	8	5	3
Joe Lasisi (NIG)	9	-	-
Andrew Maynard (USA)	10	6	11
Virgil Hill (USA)	-	C	-
Thomas Hearns (USA)	-	2	-
Mike Peak (USA)	-	7	-
Esteban Pizarro (PR)	12	9	10
Charles Williams (USA)	-	-	C
Freddie Delgado (PR)	19	-	4
Vincent Boulware (USA)	-	-	6
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	14	11	8
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	-	-	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	C	-	-
Ron Essett (USA)	1	1	4
Christophe Tiozzo (FRA)	2	5	8
Tony Thornton (USA)	3	7	5
Randall Yonker (USA)	4	9	-
James Cook (GB)	5	2	11
Dan Schommer (USA)	6	-	-
Juan Carlos Gimenez (PAR)	7	-	2
Tony Byrd (USA)	8	6	3
Lou Cafaro (AUSTRL)	9	-	-
Dario Matteoni (ARG)	10	-	-
Victor Cordova (PAN)	-	C	-
Salvador Maciel (MEX)	-	3	-
Tarmo Uusivirta (FIN)	11	4	-
John Jarvis (USA)	18	8	1
Troy Darrell (USA)	-	10	-
Lindell Holmes (USA)	-	-	C
Thulani Malinga (SA)	-	-	6
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	-	-	7
Nelson Alves (GER)	13	-	9
Segundo Mercado (USA)	-	-	10

MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julian Jackson (USA)	C	-	-
Dennis Milton (USA)	1	2	5
Reggie Johnson (USA)	2	1	1
Michael Watson (GB)	3	6	2
Steve Collins (USA)	4	5	10
Herol Graham (GB)	5	8	11
James Toney (USA)	6	3	3
Sumbu Kalambay (ITA)	7	4	6
Francesco Dell'Aquila (ITA)	8	7	-
Nigel Benn (GB)	9	-	7
Willie Monroe (USA)	10	-	-
Mike McCallum (JAM)	-	C	-
Tyrone Trice (USA)	-	9	-
Kid Milo (GB)	-	10	-
Michael Nunn (USA)	-	-	C
Matthew Hilton (CAN)	15	-	4
Ruben Cabral (ARG)	23	11	8
Iran Barkley (USA)	-	-	9

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	-	-
Jorge Castro (ARG)	1	3	3
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	2	-	-
Brett Lally (USA)	3	10	9
Aaron Davis (USA)	4	2	-
Julio Cesar Vazquez (ARG)	5	4	-
Glenn Wolfe (USA)	6	7	1
Quincy Taylor (USA)	7	12	8
Yung Kil Chung (KOR)	8	11	-
Donald Curry (USA)	9	-	2
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	10	-	-
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	-	C	-
Jun Sok Hwang (KOR)	14	1	-
Carl Daniels (USA)	18	5	-
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	20	6	-
Gregory Clark (SA)	-	8	-
Hugo Olivares (BOL)	-	9	-
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Marlon Starling (USA)	-	-	4
Said Skouma (FRA)	12	-	5
Roy Jones (USA)	-	-	6
Ron Amundsen (USA)	-	-	7
Vincent Pettway (USA)	-	-	10

WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Simon Brown (USA)	C	-	-
Buddy McGirt (USA)	1	2	1
Glenwood Brown (USA)	2	3	2
Maurice Blocker (USA)	3	7	3
Marlon Starling (USA)	4	-	-
Mark Breland (USA)	5	6	6
Jose Bermudez (COL)	6	-	-
Genaro Leon (MEX)	7	10	11
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	8	8	10
Patrizio Oliva (ITA)	9	9	7
Engels Pedroza (VEN)	10	12	-
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	-	C	-
Luis Garcia (VEN)	13	1	4
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	-	4	-
Jong Oh Park (KOR)	11	5	12
Aaron Davis (USA)	-	-	5
Curtis Summit (USA)	29	-	8
Carl Daniels (USA)	-	-	9

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	-	-
Angel Hernandez (PR)	1	2	-
Roger Mayweather (USA)	2	5	3
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	3	3	-
Hector Camacho (USA)	4	-	4
Alberto Cortes (ARG)	5	-	11
Pat Barrett (GB)	6	6	7
Edwin Rosario (PR)	7	4	-

Harold Brazier (USA)	8	-	5
Rafael Pineda (COL)	9	8	1
Lonnie Smith (USA)	10	-	-
Loreto Garza (USA)	-	C	-
Akinobu Hiranaka (JAP)	28	1	-
Mun Sil Chi (KOR)	20	7	-
Terrence Ali (USA)	12	9	8
Rodney Moore (USA)	14	10	6
Charles Murray (USA)	13	-	2
Romallis Ellis (USA)	25	11	9
Courtney Hooper (USA)	-	-	10

LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	C	C
Chil Sung Chun (KOR)	1	3	-
Poli Diaz (SPA)	2	1	8
Darryl Tyson (USA)	3	4	4
Tracy Spann (USA)	4	2	1
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	5	-	2
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	6	6	6
Anthony Jones (USA)	7	-	7
Carl Crook (GB)	8	12	9
Shane Knox (AUSTRL)	9	-	-
Jorge Paez (MEX)	10	-	3
Iwao Otomo (JAP)	11	5	-
Juan Nazario (PR)	14	7	12
Omar Flores (MEX)	15	8	-
Ricardo Toledo (CHILE)	-	9	-
Jorge Barboza (VEN)	-	10	-
Eduardo Molina (COL)	21	-	5
Lupe Suarez (USA)	-	-	10

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	-	-
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	1	5	-
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	2	2	12
John-John Molina (PR)	3	-	1
Alfred Rangel (USA)	4	-	-
Tyrone Downes (TRIN)	5	-	-
Joey Gamache (USA)	6	4	7
Takeyuki Akagi (JAP)	7	11	-
Marcos Guevara (VEN)	8	-	-
Bernard Taylor (USA)	9	-	8
Rowdy Welch (USA)	10	-	-
Anibal Nieves (VEN)	-	1	-
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	-	3	-
Jerry Ngobeni (SA)	-	6	5
Daniel Londas (FRA)	11	7	6
Pierre Lorcy (FRA)	24	8	-
Mon Soon Kim (KOR)	-	9	-
Frankie Mitchell (USA)	12	10	10
Tony Lopez (USA)	-	-	C
Fernando Caicedo (COL)	17	-	2
Brian Mitchell (SA)	-	-	3
Coco Ramirez (MEX)	-	-	4
Calvin Grove (USA)	18	-	9

FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marcos Villasana (MEX)	C	-	-
Ricardo Cepeda (USA)	1	2	-
Paul Hodkinson (GB)	2	4	-
Louie Espinoza (USA)	3	-	5
Manuel Medina (COL)	4	7	12
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	5	-	8
Ever Beleno (COL)	6	12	-
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	7	6	10
Lupe Gutierrez (USA)	8	-	4
Rafael Zuniga (COL)	9	-	-
Tom Johnson (USA)	10	5	3
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	-	C	-
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	11	1	-
Jackie Gunguluza (SA)	-	3	-
Pedro Decima (ARG)	-	8	-
Kevin Kelley (USA)	-	9	-
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	-	10	-
Troy Dorsey (USA)	15	-	1

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	C	-	-
Johnny Tapia (USA)	1	6	4
Katsuya Onizuka (JAP)	2	3	11
Rey Paciones (PHIL)	3	2	2
Armando Castro (MEX)	4	8	-
Armando Salazar (MEX)	5	-	-
Thanomsak Sithbaobey (THAI)	6	4	-
Kenji Matsumura (JAP)	7	7	-
Nana Konadu (GHA)	8	-	9
David Griman (VEN)	9	1	-
Carlos Mercado (COL)	10	-	1
Khaosai Galaxy (THAI)	-	C	-
Akeem Anifowoshe (NIG)	-	5	5
Duke McKenzie (GB)	-	9	-
Ernesto Ford (PAN)	16	10	-
Robert Quiroga (USA)	-	-	C
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	-	-	3
Joel Luna (MEX)	-	-	6
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	-	-	7
Satoshi Shingaki (JAP)	-	-	8
Marianus (INDO)	17	12	10
Alfred Rangel (USA)	-	-	2
November Ntshingila (SA)	-	-	6
Jose Rodriguez (PR)	-	-	7
James Leija (USA)	30	-	9

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Kiyoshi Hatanaka (JAP)	C	-	-
Tracy Patterson (USA)	1	1	3
Jesus Salud (USA)	2	-	9
Pedro Decima (ARG)	3	-	6
Jesse Benavides (USA)	4	2	2
Arcelio Diaz (COL)	5	4	5
Ki Jun Lee (KOR)	6	-	-
Paul Banke (USA)	7	-	-
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	8	-	-
Freddy Cruz (DR)	9	3	-
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	10	-	-
Luis Mendoza (COL)	-	C	-
Jemal Hinton (USA)	13	5	8
Carlos Uribe (CHILE)	26	6	-
Chun Huh (KOR)	12	7	-
Noree Jockygym (THAI)	20	8	-
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	-	9	7
Porfirio Hernandez (MEX)	-	10	-
Welcome Ncita (SA)	-	-	C
Baby Rojas (USA)	-	-	1
Hurley Snead (USA)	-	-	4
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	-	-	10

BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Greg Richardson (USA)	C	-	-
Akeem Anifowoshe (NIG)	1	-	-
Pepillo Valdez (MEX)	2	-	10
Raul Perez (MEX)	3	-	9
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	4	-	-
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	5	3	-
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	6	-	11
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	7	-	-
Hector Acero (DR)	8	6	-
Eun Sik Lee (KOR)	9	8	-
Francisco Alvarez (COL)	10	-	4
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	-	C	-
Israel Contreras (VEN)	-	1	1
Eliecer Julio (COL)	12	2	-
Abraham Torres (VEN)	-	4	-
Yun Chun Min (KOR)	15	5	-
Junior Jones (USA)	-	7	-
Thierry Jacob (FRA)	13	9	2
Eddie Cook (USA)	28	10	8
Orlando Canizales (USA)	-	-	C
Duke McKenzie (GB)	14	-	3
Billy Hardy (GB)	11	-	5
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	-	-	6
Kiyoshi Hatanaka (JAP)	-	-	7

FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Muangchai Kittikasem (THAI)	C	-	-
Jung Koo Chang (KOR)	1	-	-
Sot Chitalada (THAI)	2	-	-
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	-	9
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	4	6	-
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	5	-	-
Pat Clinton (GB)	6	-	-
Richard Clarke (JAM)	7	-	5
Yul Woo Lee (KOR)	8	4	-
Yuri Arbachakov (USSR)	9	9	-
Hugo Soto (ARG)	10	-	-
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	-	C	-
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	13	1	1
Jonathan Penalosa (PHIL)	11	2	2
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	22	3	-
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	12	5	-
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	-	7	-
Julio Guidino (PAN)	-	8	-
Torsak Osoisapa (THAI)	-	10	4
Dave McAuley (IRE)	-	-	C
Tongchai Kittikasem (THAI)	-	-	3
Azadin Anhar (INDO)	-	-	6
Al Kotey (GHA)	27	-	7
Ricky Romero (USA)	14	-	8
Johanes Nanlohi (INDO)	15	-	10

LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	C	-	-
Domingo Sosa (DR)	1	9	1
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	2	3	4
Rolando Pascua (PHIL)	3	-	3
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	4	1	-
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	5	2	-
Jeung Keun Lim (KOR)	6	-	-
Kimio Hirano (JAP)	7	-	-
Katzumi Komiyama (JAP)	8	-	-
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	9	11	11
Santiago Mendez (MEX)	10	-	-
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	-	C	-
Jacob Matlala (SA)	-	4	-
Hector Patri (ARG)	-	5	9
Robinson Cuestas (PAN)	24	6	2
Leo Gamez (VEN)	14	7	-
Kajkong Danphoothai (THAI)	-	8	-
Benedicto Murillo (PAN)	-	10	7
Michael Carbajal (USA)	-	-	C
Leon Salazar (PAN)	13	-	5
Antonio Perez (MEX)	12	-	6
Javier Varguez (MEX)	17	-	8
Rey Hernandez (MEX)	18	-	10

STRAWWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	-	-
Kyung Yung Lee (KOR)	1	-	-
Hector Patri (ARG)	2	-	-
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	3	6	-
Rocky Lim (JAP)	4	4	3
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	5	2	8
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	6	11	2
Bong Jun Kim (KOR)	7	-	-
Javier Varguez (MEX)	8	-	-
Pretty Boy Lucas (PHIL)	9	5	1
Alfredo Xeque (MEX)	10	-	-
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	-	C	-
Bong Jun Kim (KOR)	-	1	-
Carlos Rodriguez (VEN)	27	3	-
Danny Nunez (DR)	11	7	-
Kimio Hirano (JAP)	-	8	-
Marcelino Bolivar (VEN)	15	9	-
Silverio Barcenas (PAN)	13	10	10
Far-Lan Lookmingkwan (THAI)	-	-	C
Felix Naranjo (COL)	-	-	4
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	12	-	5
Said Iskandar (INDO)	19	-	6
Eric Chavez (PHIL)	30	-	7
Soo Yong Kwon (KOR)	-	-	9

CLASSIC

4 ACES ARE HARD TO BEAT

From The Ring, April 1965

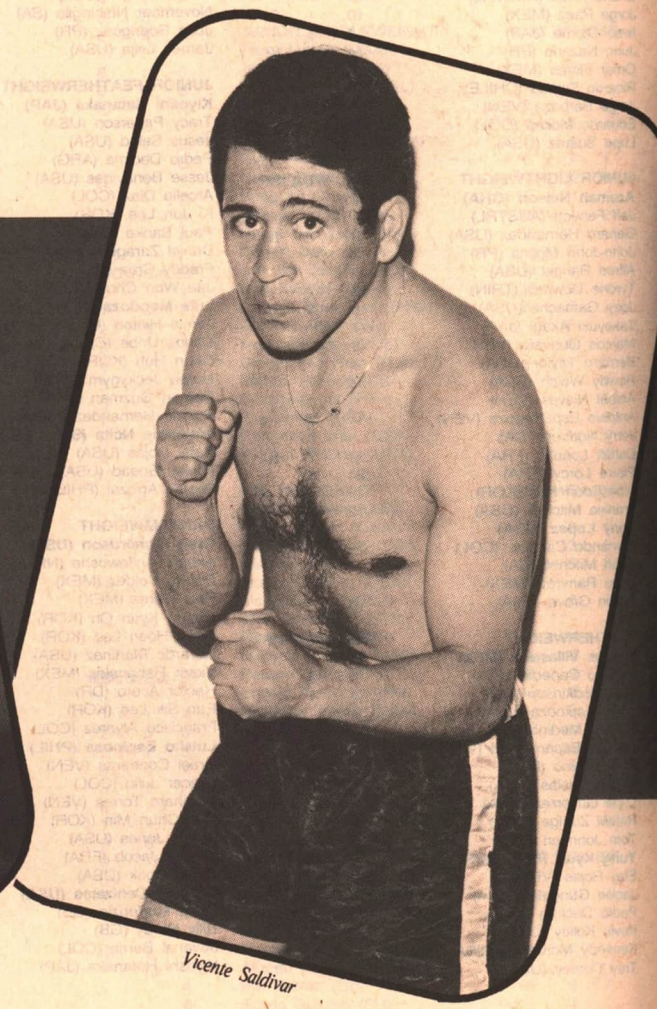
By Jersey Jones

While the heavyweights, when they are active, exert a near-monopoly on the attention of the boxing public, particularly when a championship bout is coming up, the members of the sock market's lighter divisions are not entirely ignored. They manage to keep moving.

The divisions immediately below the heavyweight—light heavyweight, middleweight, and welterweight—may not have the psychological appeal of the heavyweights, but they have no intention of resting on past laurels and applying for unemployment relief. They operate often enough to get a fair share of the public's interest.

The real problem, so far as the American scene is concerned, is in the four lightest classes—flyweight, bantamweight, featherweight, and lightweight—which have been relegated to minor status. While they have been fading away in activity and importance in Yankee rings, they are contributing much to boxing's popularity in other lands.

Eder Jofre



Vicente Saldivar

Which is not difficult to understand, considering that three of the four world champions belong to nations outside the United States. Flyweight Pone Kingpetch is a Thai, bantamweight Eder Jofre a Brazilian, and featherweight Vicente Saldivar a Mexican. The fourth, lightweight Carlos Ortiz, is an American citizen, but a native of Puerto Rico.

Of added significance is the fact that the foremost title contenders in these four weight classes also are non-Yanks. Kingpetch's leading rival is Salvatore Burruni of Italy. Number one on Jofre's list of challengers is Jesus Pimental of Mexico. Outstanding among Saldivar's pursuers are Floyd Robertson of Ghana and Howard Winstone of Wales. And Ortiz shortly will risk his laurels against Ismael Laguna in the latter's bailiwick, Panama.

Time was, and not too far in the distant past, when the little fellows were popular attractions throughout the United States, and many a classic chapter in boxing archives was authored by them. Outstanding international matches were frequent, often for world championships. The leather-tossing trade was flourishing in those happier eras, when fighters were popping up in wholesale lots all over the landscape. Every weight class was loaded with ringsters of assorted talents, and many of them went on to national and international recognition.

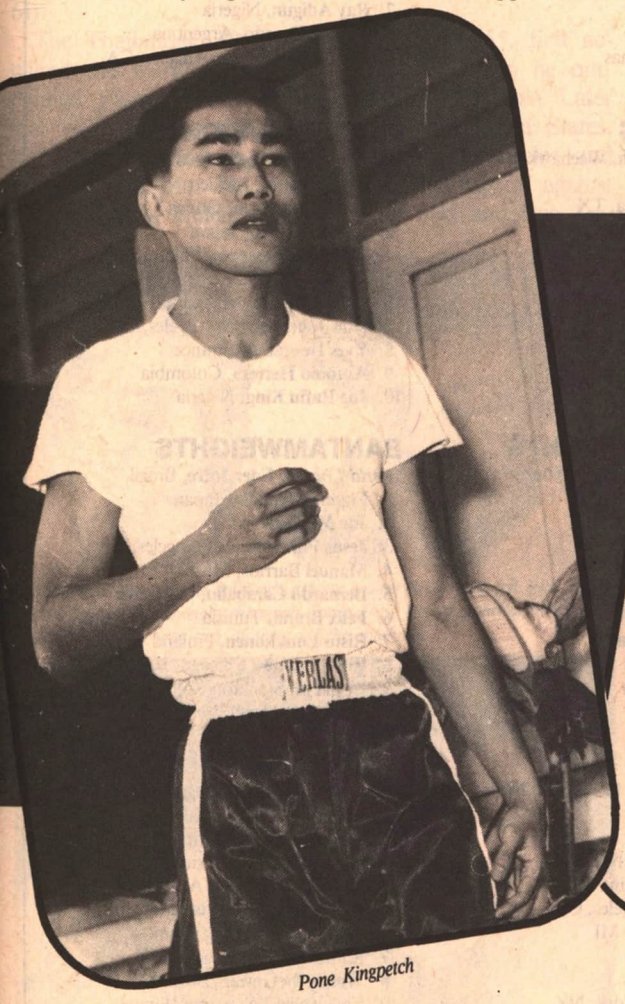
But the years move on, and conditions change with their moving. A sort of "creeping paralysis" seems to have infected the American ring. Starting at the bottom of the scales, the flyweights were the first to disappear from the major scene. Then the bantamweights vanished. The featherweights followed, and now the lightweights appear to be heading for the dark recesses of oblivion.

In recent years, the only locality trying to keep the little fellows alive in the United States has been California, and if current efforts materialize, the next bout for the world featherweight title will pit Saldivar against Floyd Robertson in Los Angeles.

This is one bout that should excite the interest of Southern California, with its tremendous Mexican population and its enthusiastic "neutral" fans. There are lively publicity angles involved in the bout, particularly the respective performances of Saldivar and Robertson in championship bouts with Sugar Ramos last year. Robertson's cohorts insist that Floyd was "robbed" of the decision and title in Ghana, and argue that the pasting he tossed into Ramos "softened" the Cuban for Saldivar in Mexico City.

Promoters in both Mexico and Ghana have been angling for the Saldivar-Robertson match, but up to this writing their efforts haven't met with encouraging response. Robertson isn't too keen about fighting in Mexico, and Saldivar is even less enthusiastic about going to Africa. "Neutral" Los Angeles appears to be the logical site for the bout.

Of the four champions of the lighter divisions, Saldivar probably is the least known to the world at large. He has never boxed outside his native Mexico, and until he tangled with Ramos, his only internationally rated opponent



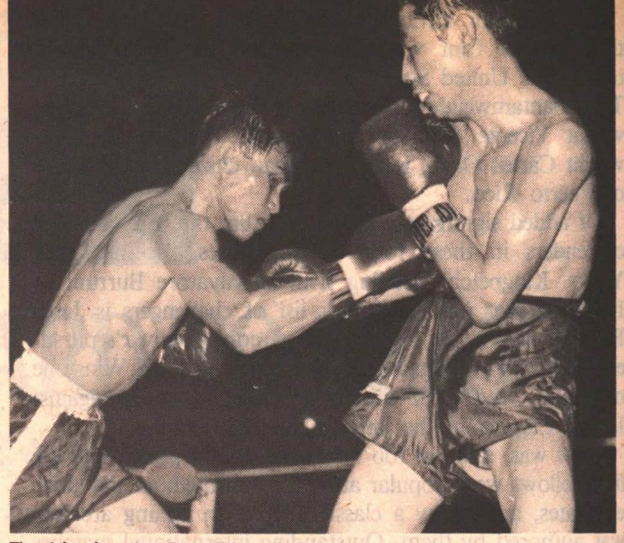
Pone Kingpetch

Carlos Ortiz

was Panamanian Laguna, whom he outpointed in Tijuana.

The Mexican, a southpaw, is 21. He compiled a fine amateur record before turning professional in 1961. In 24 bouts prior to his title-winning clash with Ramos, the only defeat he suffered (on a disqualification) was squared away in a return match. He became Mexican champion early in 1964. Since the Ramos affair, he has made one successful defense of his Mexican laurels.

Veteran authorities who have seen him in action insist that, pound for pound, Jofre is the finest fighting machine in the ring today. The 29-year-old Brazilian's ring record is an impressive one, indeed. Campaigning professionally since 1957, he is unbeaten in 49 starts, three draws early in his career representing the only smears on his record. Ernesto Miranda twice held him even in '57, and Ruben Caceres stalemated him in '58. Jofre took care of those two gentlemen later, however. He knocked Caceres out in '59, and in '60 paid off his debt to Miranda by whipping him in one match and knocking him out in



Flyweight champion Pone Kingpetch has won and lost the title with regularity. Against Kyo Noguchi (right) in May 1962, he rallied to win on points.

THE RING RATINGS, *April 1965*

Willie Pastrano

HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Cassius Clay**, Louisville, KY

1. **Sonny Liston**, Denver, CO
2. **Floyd Patterson**, Great Neck, NY
3. **Ernest Terrell**, Philadelphia, PA
4. **George Chuvalo**, Toronto, Canada
5. **Karl Mildenberger**, Germany
6. **Cleveland Williams**, Houston, TX
7. **Zora Folley**, Chandler, AZ
8. **Roger Rischer**, San Francisco, CA
9. **Eddie Machen**, Berkeley, CA
10. **Doug Jones**, New York

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Willie Pastrano**, Miami, FL

1. **Gregorio Peralta**, Argentina
2. **Mauro Mina**, Peru
3. **Harold Johnson**, Philadelphia, PA
4. **Eddie Cotton**, Seattle, WA
5. **Wayne Thornton**, Fresno, CA
6. **Jose Torres**, New York, NY
7. **Gustave Scholz**, Germany
8. **Terry Downes**, England
9. **Bobo Olson**, Honolulu, HI
10. **Chic Calderwood**, Scotland

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Joey Giardello**, Cherry Hill, NJ

1. **Joey Archer**, New York, NY
2. **Dick Tiger**, Nigeria
3. **Ruben Carter**, Passaic, NJ
4. **Laszlo Papp**, Hungary
5. **Sandro Mazzinghi**, Italy
6. **Nino Benvenuti**, Italy
7. **Hurricane Kid**, Samoa
8. **Luis Folledo**, Spain
9. **Gomeo Brennan**, Bahamas
10. **Wally Swift**, England

WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Emile Griffith**, Weehawken, NJ

1. **Luis Rodriguez**, Miami
2. **Manuel Gonzalez**, Odessa, TX
3. **Jose Stable**, New York, NY
4. **Brian Curvis**, Wales
5. **William Ludick**, South Africa
6. **Stan Haywood**, Philadelphia, PA
7. **Gabriel Terronez**, Fresno, CA
8. **Fortunato Manca**, Italy
9. **Gasper Ortega**, Mexico
10. **Jean Josselin**, France

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Carlos Hernandez**, Venezuela

1. **Eddie Perkins**, Chicago, IL
2. **Jose Napoles**, Mexico
3. **Pierro Brandi**, Italy
4. **Sandro Popopolo**, Italy
5. **Tito Marshall**, Panama
6. **Louis Molina**, San Jose, CA
7. **Johnny De Pieza**, Trinidad
8. **Olli Maki**, Finland
9. **Valero Nunez**, Argentina
10. **Doug Vaillant**, Cuba

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Carlos Ortiz**, New York, NY

1. **Dave Charnley**, England
2. **Bunny Grant**, Jamaica
3. **Angel Robinson Garcia**, France
4. **Nicolino Locche**, Argentina
5. **Paul Armstead**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Kenny Lane**, Muskegon, MI
7. **Ismael Laguna**, Panama
8. **Alfredo Urbina**, Mexico
9. **Frankie Narvaez**, New York, NY
10. **Franco Brondi**, Italy

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Flash Elorde**, Philippines

1. **Willi Quartour**, Germany
2. **Johnny Bizzarro**, Erie, PA
3. **Love Allotey**, Ghana
4. **Teruo Kosaka**, Japan
5. **Kan Suh Il**, Korea
6. **Jose Luis Cruz**, Mexico
7. **Ray Adigun**, Nigeria
8. **Vicente Derado**, Argentina
9. **Danny Valdez**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **Levi Midi**, South Africa

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Vicente Saldivar**, Mexico

1. **Sugar Ramos**, Mexico
2. **Floyd Robertson**, Ghana
3. **Mitsunori Seki**, Japan
4. **Howard Winstone**, Wales
5. **Raul Rojas**, San Pedro, CA
6. **Carlos Canete**, Argentina
7. **Don Johnson**, Los Angeles, CA
8. **Yves Desmarets**, France
9. **Antonio Herrera**, Colombia
10. **Joe Rafiu King**, Nigeria

BANTAMWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Eder Jofre**, Brazil

1. **Fighting Harada**, Japan
2. **Joe Medel**, Mexico
3. **Jesus Pimental**, Los Angeles, CA
4. **Manuel Barrios**, Mexico
5. **Bernardo Caraballo**, Colombia
6. **Felix Brami**, Tunisia
7. **Risto Luukkonen**, Finland
8. **Ronnie Jones**, Chicago, IL
9. **Ray Asis**, Stockton, CA
10. **Johnny Caldwell**, Ireland

FLYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Pone Kingpetch**, Thailand

1. **Salvatore Burruni**, Italy
2. **Hiroyuki Ebihara**, Japan
3. **Alacran Torres**, Mexico
4. **Horacio Accavallo**, Argentina
5. **Rocky Gattelari**, Australia
6. **Takeshi Nakamura**, Japan
7. **Raton Mojica**, Nicaragua
8. **Walter McGowan**, Scotland
9. **Katsuyoshi Takayama**, Japan
10. **Bob Allotey**, Ghana

another.

Upon the retirement of Mexican Joe Becerra as world bantamweight champion in 1960, Jofre won partial claim to the vacant title by polishing off Eloy Sanchez in Los Angeles, then strengthened his claim by finishing the Italian, Piero Rollo, in Rio de Janeiro.

Since then the classy Brazilian has made seven successful defenses of his laurels—and all have ended in knockouts! In fact, Jofre sports one of the most impressive punching records in bantamweight annals. Of his 46 victories, no less than 36 have been abbreviated, and his current kayo streak has stretched to 16, including the seven title defenses. Since disposing of Rollo, Jofre has polished off Ramon Arias in Caracas, Johnny Caldwell in Sao Paulo, Herman Marques in San Francisco, Joey Medel in Sao Paulo, Katsutoshi Aoki in Tokyo, Johnny Jamito in Manila, and Bernardo Caraballo in Bogota.

Eder has just about cleaned out the 118-pound division, and the only challenger shaping up at the moment as a possible threat is Jesus Pimental of Mexico, who can probably match Jofre in punching power, if not in boxing technique. The two were paired recently in San Antonio, but the bout was cancelled amid mysterious circumstances a few days before the scheduled get-together.

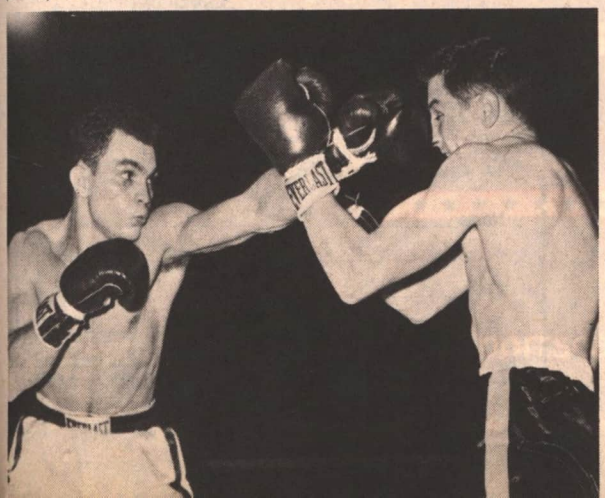
Kingpetch enjoys a rare distinction among flyweight champions. He is the only one to lose the world title twice and regain it in return bouts. Both give-and-take episodes were with Japanese rivals, the first with Fighting Harada (1962-63), and the second with Hiroyuki Ebihara (1963-64).

The Thailander, 29 and fighting since 1955, first acquired the world championship in 1960, when he outpointed Pascual Perez of Argentina in Bangkok. Later that year, in his only appearance in the United States, Kingpetch met Perez again, this time in Los Angeles, and knocked him out. He twice retained his laurels against other Japanese challengers, Mitsunori Seki and Kyo Noguchi, before his series with Harada and Ebihara.

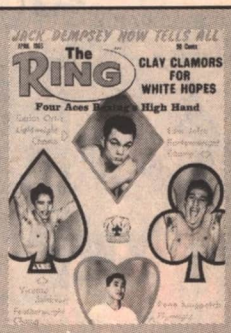
Kingpetch has a title match pending with Salvatore Burruni of Italy, but there seems to be a hitch over the site. Thailand wants the bout and has made an attractive offer to Burruni, but the challenger, who has never fought outside his native land as a professional, is trying to force the match into Italy. What eventually will materialize remains to be seen.

An odd development with Carlos Ortiz is that since winning the lightweight title from Joe Brown in Las Vegas in 1962, the stylish 28-year-old Puerto Rican, who was developed in the United States, has boxed only once in a Yankee ring, and that was in a non-title affair in Boston, where he demolished his outclassed opponent in one round. As champion, Ortiz has appeared in the Philippines (twice), Japan (twice), England, Hawaii, and his native Puerto Rico (twice), and four of the bouts have been successful defenses of the championship. His next outing, as mentioned early in this dissertation, will be in Panama, where his title again will be involved. ■

Featherweight king Vicente Saldivar's defense against Raul Rojas left both fighters marked (above). Lightweight champion Carlos Ortiz jabs at archrival Kenny Lane (below). Ortiz has won two of three vs. the southpaw.



THE RING, April 1965

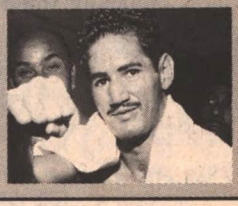


The Cover: The world champions of the lighter weight classes, Carlos Ortiz (lightweight), Vicente Saldivar (featherweight), Eder Jofre (bantamweight), and Pone Kingpetch (flyweight), are keeping title fights outside of the United States. According to author Jersey Jones, the divisions from flyweight to lightweight "have been relegated to minor status."

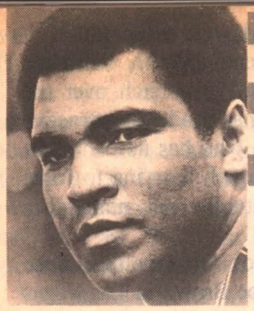
A Patterson-Chuvalo Rematch?: The jockeying for position at heavyweight continues, as the contenders await the winner of the Ali-Liston rematch. In February, former champion Floyd Patterson outpointed George Chuvalo over 12 rounds. Chuvalo wants a rematch, claiming referee Zack Clayton didn't let him fight inside. Patterson, however, wants a shot at Ali.

Two-Ton Tony And Joe: Rare photos highlight a nostalgia piece recalling the June 1939 heavyweight title fight between Joe Louis and challenger Tony Galento. Louis suffered a flash knockdown in the third round, but stopped a defenseless Galento in the fourth.

Floyd's Baby Bro: Boxing history, as author Johnny Ort details, is replete with brother combinations. Heavyweight Ray Patterson, 10-2 (6), seems like an unexceptional prospect. What separates him from hundreds of other young hopefuls is that he is the brother of former heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson.



Fighter Of The Month: Honored is Venezuela's Carlos Hernandez, who captured the junior welterweight title by edging Eddie Perkins via hotly disputed decision. Hernandez would go on to make two successful defenses.



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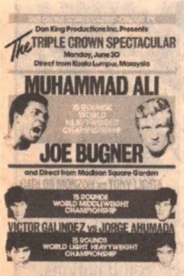
Sept.-Oct. 1975: Is Ali Punch Fact Or Fiction? Plus: Don King, Ali-Bugner II, Monzon-Licata, Duran-Peterson, Olivares-Chacon, Galindez-Ahumada, Monroe-Hart, Ezzard Charles dies.

POSTERS



Ali vs. Bugner
June 30, 1975
21 1/4" x 14"
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OFFICIAL FIGHT PROGRAM ON SALE HERE

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Oct. 30, 1974
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$20

POSTCARDS

Ali vs. Frazier postcards from Manila
September 30, 1975
2 for $5

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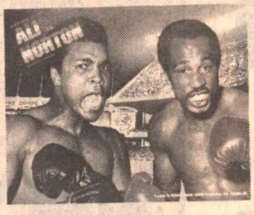

Ali vs. Norton
September 22, 1976
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Ali vs. Holmes
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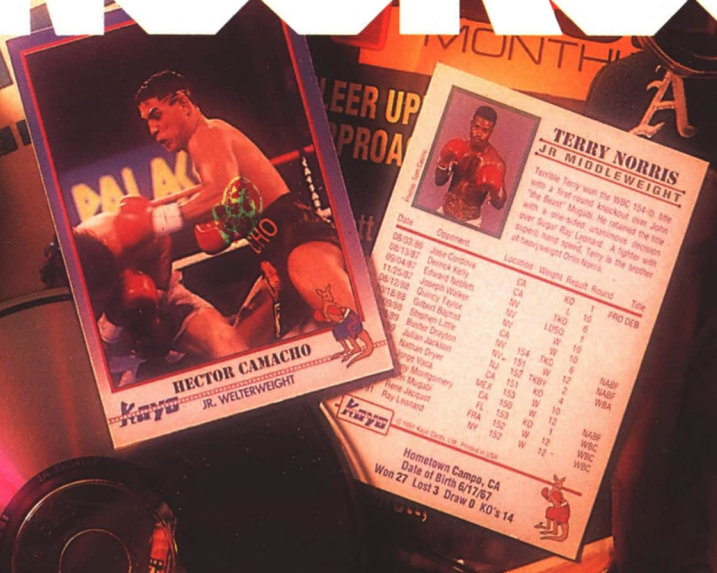

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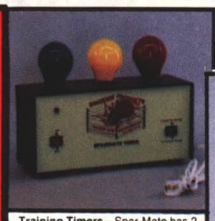
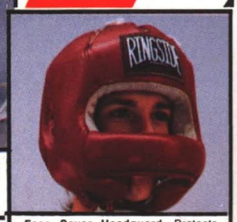


Training Timers—Spar-Mate has 2 & 3 min. work cycle, 1 min. rest, 30 sec. end of round. #SM $115.00. Personal Spar-Mate, 3 min./1 min. cycle. #PSM $59.00.



Face Saver Headguard—Protects nose, jaw and chin. Excellent fit and visibility. Lightweight frame. Perfect for boxer with bad nose or cut. #FSH. $90.00

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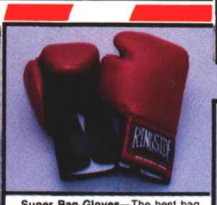

Super Bag Gloves—The best bag glove in the world! 12 oz. weight. Hook & Loop closure for easy on and off. Excellent wrist support. #SBG-M $39.00, #SBG-L $40.00, #SBG-XL $44.00.

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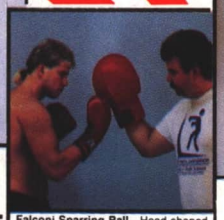
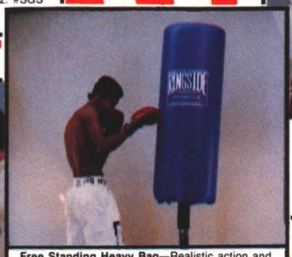
Power Bag Gloves—Weight system adjusts the weight of gloves up to 3½ pounds. All leather construction. Hook & loop closure. Great Cardiovascular training. #PBG $44.00.



Falconi Sparring Ball—Head shaped target is perfect for hooks, uppercuts, or straight punches. Lightweight, easy on coaches. Great when used with one coachspar mitt. #FSB $46.00

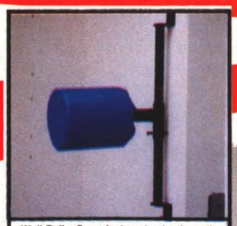


Free Standing Heavy Bag—Realistic action and simplest set-up all in one bag. Use this bag anywhere! Nothing to hang - no holes to drill. Just fill base with sand and work out. Spring return system keeps up the action. #FSHB $249.00. Plus $15.00 Shipping.

Super Body Protector—Excellent Protection - wrap around design. #SBP $42.00. Heavy Hitter Pad - works with body protector. #SBP-1 (use with SBP) $17.00.

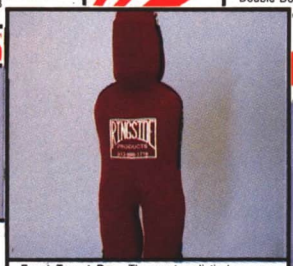
Double End Bags—All leather. Cables included. Reg. size #DEB, small #DEB-1, Peanut #DEB-2, Mini Pro #DEB-3 $36.00, Filled #FDEB $44.00, Double Double End #DDEB $70.00.

Rib Protector—Great for sparring with sore ribs. Unique design provides great protection. #BRP $18.00.



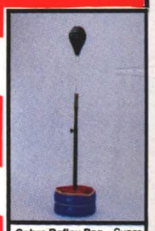
Wall Ball—Great for learning hooks and uppercuts. Uses wall space that usually goes to waste. All steel frame. #WLB $110.00.

Handwraps—Extra long (120") hook & loop closure. Red #HW $4.25. Mexican Style (180") slightly elastic, gold. #MHW $4.25. Junior (120") shorter for smaller hands, #JRHW $3.75.

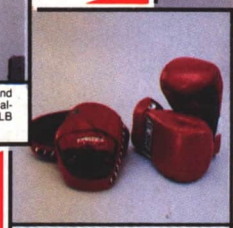


Exact Target Bag—The most realistic bag ever made! Head has perfect target areas for hooks and uppercuts. Almost like sparring with a real person. Available filled only. Must be prepaid. #ET $139.00. Plus $15.00 Shipping.

Sparring Gloves—The best. Three styles to choose from. #RP-14 oz., #RP-16 oz., #RP-18 oz., Elastic wrist for easy on and off, #RP-14E, #RP-16E, #RP-18E. Sleek new Mexican style, #RP-14M, #RP-16M.



Cobra Reflex Bag—Super fast spring for hand speed, stability. #CRB (filled) $90.00, #CRBU (unfilled) $75.00. Professional model is heavy duty. #CRB-1 (filled) $110.00, #CRBU-1 (unfilled) $90.00.



Punch Mitts—Great for learning offense. #PM $45.00. Coachspar Mitts—Teaches offense and defense. All leather. #CS $54.00.

Super Gauze—Tight weave 10 ydx2" gauze. #CG-1 (90 rolls) $45.00. Trainers tape - 1"x10 yd. #TT (roll) $1.00. #TTB (15 rolls) $12.00.

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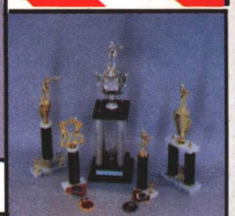

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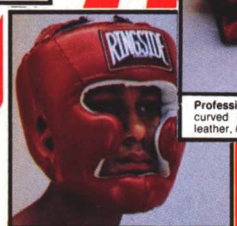

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